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NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

More Trouble Spots Abroad:

How Far Left Will Labor Go in Australia? Hiram Caton

The Inside Story of ITT vs. Allende M.J. Sobran

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This Giant Protected You for 50 Years. Now, Get to Know Him – for the First Time

J. Edgar Hoover is the first objective biography about the man whose name is synonymous with the FBI. Generally sympathetic but not uncritical, veteran newsman Ralph de Toledano unveils Hoover's life from birth to death, showing how he took a corrupt political instrument and made it into the greatest investigative organization in the world – and, in his last years, allowed some rigidity to creep in.

Because Hoover's life was the FBI and because the FBI reflected his spirit and character, this book deals extensively with the Bureau. Toledano recreates the early years of the FBI; Hoover's relations with Attorneys General and Presidents; the crime years when G-man became a household word; how Hoover was plunged into the investigation of Communism by FDR; his remarkable record against Nazi espionage; his frustration when his bosses refused to let him break up a Soviet atomic-spy ring.

Toledano examines in fascinating detail the FBI's role in the Hiss case; Hoover's role in the Brownell-Truman confrontation over Harry Dexter White; Hoover's record on civil rights and loyalty-security investigations; his stormy relations with Bobby Kennedy and Ramsey Clark; and the Martin Luther King episode. Toledano's critical eye also focuses on the final years, and how Hoover responded to the crescendo of attack.

Observations by insiders add spice to this account of Hoover's life. There are surprises, too. Toledano contends that Hoover's "most rewarding and most relaxed period was during the administrations of President Roosevelt." The Kennedy regime was another matter: "From the very start, Robert Kennedy had made it clear that he considered the FBI a kind of private police for the Administration and Hoover a kind of desk sergeant to carry out orders." Indeed, "Temperamentally, there could be no rapport between Bobby Kennedy and Edgar Hoover." Mr. Toledano gives us the inside story of their struggles.

"John Edgar Hoover did not wear golden shoes," records Toledano. "He was sometimes wrong, sometimes right. But he loved America, he believed in America, and he fought for America. For most Americans, that was enough."

In writing **J. Edgar Hoover,** Ralph de Toledano went to the obvious sources. But he also kept extensive notes of off-the-record conversations when the FBI was one of his beats as a *Newsweek editor, and later as a Washington correspondent.* Result: a great reporter brings alive one of the greatest Americans of our century — and, finally, does him justice.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

by

Ralph de Toledano

384 PAGES • EXTENSIVE INDEX

Intrigue, top-level politics and one man's dedication to America . . .

- The FBI vs. wartime spies. The mystery of the "little dots"
- What Hoover thought of the CIA
- Bobby Kennedy's involvement with Marilyn Monroe. Why she killed herself. Hoover's disgust over JFK's amours ("Those sex things")
- FDR slaps Hoover on the back, remarks, "By God, Edgar, that's the first time you've been caught with your pants down!"
- The story behind the Martin Luther King phone tap. King's Red ties — and again, "those sexual things"
- *FDR orders Hoover to begin surveillance of American Communists and Fascists.* FDR's fear of a State Department leak. Ambassador Bullitt returns from Moscow with a list of Kremlin agents in Washington
- The famous friendship with Winchell, who names "the only girl Hoover really adores and sends gifts to." (She was a famous movie star)
- OSS: did the initials stand for "Oh So Secret" or "Oh So Subversive"?
- Hoover's "10 Don't's" for fighting Communism
- Civil-liberties lawyer Morris Ernst springs to Hoover's defense
- Hoover's friendship with Joe McCarthy. His tenuous relationship with Ike and Brownell
- Hoover's critics, from Grand Kleagles to Fred Cook
- FBI does amazing detective work in the Chambers-Hiss trial — but fumbles the Judith Coplon case
- The Palmer raids: what was Hoover's role?
- FDR takes over. Louis Howe wants Hoover out. The two men who saved him
- The crime years. Machine-Gun Kelly coins a phrase
- The Lindbergh kidnapping
- Dillinger, and an FBI fiasco
- Hoover's own cases. Ma Barker's sidekick, Old Creepy Karpis, becomes "the Director's man." The one time Karpis had a perfect alibi
- Why Hoover had so many friends on Capitol Hill
- Lucille Ball has a baby. J. Edgar Hoover lets husband Desi Arnaz in on the news
- The two times in his life when Hoover was bilked. ("The Birdman of Alcatraz" was one of the culprits)
- Long before the Warren Court: stringent FBI rules governing arrests, safeguarding the rights of the accused
- J. Edgar taps Treasury Secretary Vinson's phone — *but Vinson blames a rival*
- The ugly rumors that Hoover was a homosexual
- Could the FBI have prevented President Kennedy's assassination?
- Those FBI files: who's in them?
- Hoover, Truman, Harry Dexter White — and a trail of red herrings
- Hoover ushers in a new school of crime detection. Key innovations
- "If he were as bad at catching criminals as he is at picking horses . . ."
- Early enemies: Pegler and the **New York Daily News**
- The unblemished record of the FBI and Intelligence forces in combatting Nazi espionage throughout the Western Hemisphere
- Fulton Lewis Jr. passes up a big story — for the sake of his country
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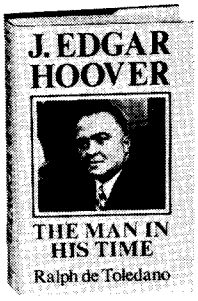
- The stormy last years



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Letters

Energy Crisis

I wish to add another alternative to the dilemma described by Richard P. Runyon and Lawrence Rocks in their article "The Energy Crisis in the Cold War" [March 2]. The alternative is shale oil. The American reserves are capable of lasting many years, depending upon the depth to which you dig. Canada has in shale oil 37 per cent of the world's known supply of oil. Before we begin to refine oil from coal the oil companies will probably use these resources, which at the present time are already under serious consideration for development.

Jackson, Mich. JAMES M. JOHNSTON

What's all this about the United States getting natural gas from Siberia and oil from the Middle East? It's *our* natural resources you are supposed to be raping.

We find it hard enough running a nationalism up here in Canada without having our enemies turn harmless on us. Your Military-Industrial Complex let us down badly over peace in Southeast Asia, and now, here are Messrs. Runyon and Rocks suggesting that you solve your energy problem not by taking over western Canada, but by making oil out of coal. Oil out of coal, forsooth! Next you'll be saying that after all we won't have to divert our rivers southward to meet your fresh water needs because you have decided to depollute your own streams.

Gentlemen, please, back to your saber-rattling.

Welland, Ont. JOHN MUGGERIDGE

I can't tell you how extremely impressed I am with Lawrence Rocks's and Richard Runyon's in-depth knowledge of the oil and gas industry. Frankly, I am astonished, for those of us engaged in this industry simply do not find people knowledgeable of our industry back East. I can only say that these two gentlemen must have spent an enormous amount of time in research.

I agree with them in everything they say and the conclusions they have drawn. I do believe that one should give a little more importance to the oil shales, perhaps. In other words, if our oil shales are not of equal importance to our coal reserves—neither are the shales very far behind.

I hope this article receives the wide attention it merits, for nothing but good could come from it.

San Antonio, Tex. JOHN E. NEWMAN

I very much appreciated your article on an issue which has heretofore been relegated to the background of the present collage of "crises."

I must take issue, however, with the cold shoulder the authors apparently turn toward the alternative of nuclear sources of energy. Granted, the supply of U-235 is on the short side, and even the breeder reactors would be limited to electrical translations of energy. But to close the book even temporarily on what the authors suppose is our country's distant and perhaps mythical "nuclear future" is at best shortsighted, and quite possibly as fatal as being hamstrung by the Soviet "sheikhs" who could one day control our oil and gas.

I believe our vigorous pursuit of both long- and short-range nuclear goals (i.e., less than two decades can be considered "short-range") may be justified by a few outstanding facts and their implications. Among these are: 1) America's future need for electricity will almost undoubtedly accelerate faster than our total energy requirements, 2) such near-future necessities as rapid-transit systems will require a large percentage of any local or regional electrical power unit's supply, 3) the relatively easy use of residual heat energy from fission reactors will help increase their efficiency far above that of coal burning (by at least 10 per cent), and 4) we are barely ahead of the Russians in the be-all-end-all race for a controlled nuclear fusion, a race which our physicists say could be consummated in 15 to 20 years (with practical results by 2010)—if either government wishes to come through with the money (and ours isn't likely to). It is not entirely out of the question that we could be panicked into a dependency on coal, and still be shoveling away while the USSR is generating an easy several trillion watts per year more!

San Diego, Calif. CHRISTOPHER S. CORBETT

Authors' Reply

In our book, *The Energy Crisis* (Crown

(Continues on page 394)

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we zero in on trouble-spots, present and potential. First, Chile: Just what *was* ITT up to, back when Allende was about to take over? Jack Anderson has generated plenty of moralistic heat over the question; now *NR* staff writer **M. J. Sobran Jr.** tries to shed some light. ITT, it seems, was trying—perhaps a bit imprudently, perhaps not—to protect an investment that was good for it, and for Chile. . . . If only ITT had succeeded, one is tempted to sigh after reading **Nena Ossa**'s latest dispatch from Santiago. Salvador Allende is in the saddle and desperate to stay there, all sorts of extremists hope to unhorse him, and things are going from worse to worst. . . . And what gives in Australia, where the new government is recognizing every Oriental despot in sight, giving the United States a hard time, and otherwise acting up? Well, says **Hiram Caton**, Richard Nixon's disengagement from Southeast Asia and his engagement with Peking have a lot to do with the hi-jinks; so have internal politics: Australia, you see, is embarking on the Great Leap from federalism to centralism. . . . Aah, but the Communist-Socialist coalition lost in France, *grâce à Dieu.* Indeed—but the French will elect a new president in 1976, and that, **Albert Mavrinac** reports, will be the day of reckoning for the Gaullists. France, too, is a-leaping: into commercial and industrial predominance in Europe, with consequent strains in the social fabric. The Gaullists must show they can keep that fabric in one piece. . . . "Corruption" is an easy word to bandy; **George F. Will** examines just how much of it there is these days in Washington. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** is amused by the parade of worthies called to testify in behalf of Daniel Ellsberg; thinks perhaps neither Mr. Nixon nor Chou En-lai wants Taiwan "betrayed"; and has spotted the "Made in Washington" label on the energy crisis. —CHS

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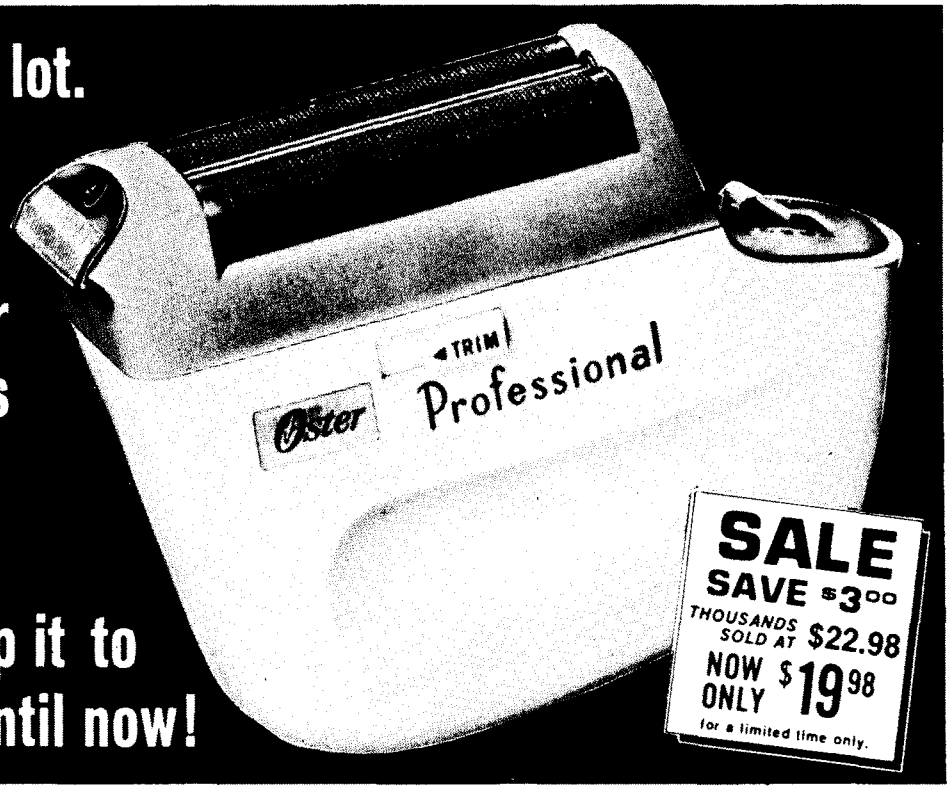
Barbers talk a lot. Except when they find an electric shaver that outshaves a hand-honed straight razor. Then they keep it to themselves. Until now!



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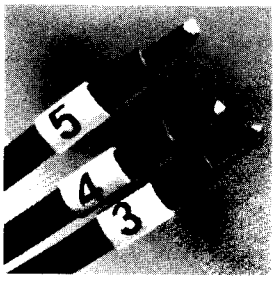

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 390)

Publishers, 1972), we point out the short supply of U-235 and indicate that the breeder reactor, which converts plentiful U-238 to Pu-239, can supply us with power for several hundred years. The basic problem with the breeder reactor (ignoring its mushrooming costs and the real problems of transporting and disposing of radioactive wastes) is that its phase-in time will be extremely protracted. The laws of physics prescribe a ten-year period to double the fuel inventory of Pu-239. Since our first breeder reactor will not be onstream until the early 1980s, we see no way for it to make significant contributions to our total energy needs for fifty years, at the very least. Similarly, controlled fusion, which we see as the greatest energy hope for the future, has not yet been achieved. If it is, the phase-in time will be at least twenty years and probably more. However, the energy crisis will climax during the next 10 to 15 years. We see coal as the only energy source that can bridge the gap between the present decline in oil and natural-gas resources and the time when a lasting energy source becomes available. Like it or not, we should consider ourselves fortunate that we have coal to shovel while the USSR generates several trillion watts per year.

Mr. Johnston cites a very large energy bank: oil shale. Most shales contain about 30 to 100 gallons of oil per ton, with the average centering about 35. This means that one ton of shale could yield 0.8 barrels of oil. But one ton of coal could yield about three barrels of oil when converted chemically to oil. The factor difference is about fourfold. Hence, about four times the volume of oil shale must be strip-mined and processed to give an oil yield comparable to that of coal. And these "rich" shales could produce only 20 billion barrels of oil, or about four years' worth at current U.S. needs. Most of the potential oil in shale is in very low concentrations, making shale a less promising source of oil than coal. Our coal reserves could give us, by comparison to shale, 3 trillion barrels of oil—theoretically speaking. Shale must be seen as a future source of energy, but so too, coal must be seen as a giant that dwarfs oil-shale's potentialities.

RICHARD P. RUNYON
LAWRENCE ROCKS
Greenvale, N.Y. C. W. Post College

One Order of Crow . . .

In every issue you have at least one article, or story, or paragraph that pays for the magazine ten times over. I almost fell out of my chair reading "Rehabilitation" ["The Week," March 2]. Jesus! Did Service and Davies really use words like "democratic" and "progressive" in referring to the Chinese Communists? I was under the impression that their position

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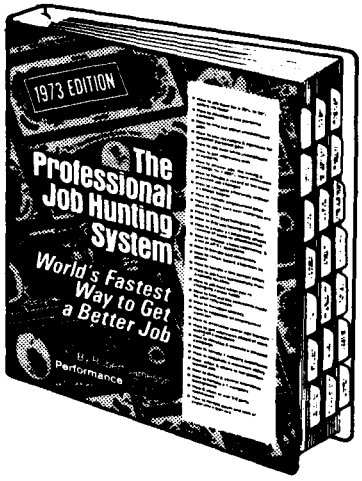

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- How to job hunt successfully from a remote location
- How & when to exaggerate in an interview
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- How to find out the comments made by your references
- How to maintain absolute secrecy
- How to negotiate an employment contract
- How to overcome senior age barriers
- How to get interviews ahead of more qualified candidates
- How to develop & execute a planned campaign—that is totally different from your competitors
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- "Outstanding! By far the best work ever in this field." G. G., New York
- "Well written and concise. Extremely effective for one who is job hunting for the first time in a while. I got 42 interviews." K. B., Illinois
- "Your ideas are worth their weight in gold to anyone after a higher salary." D. A. Missouri
- "Thank God for your book. I was unemployed for 7 months, but with your plan have landed my best job. My sincerest thanks." J. W., Iowa
- "This book was fantastic. Have read it 3 times and am very optimistic." G. B., Fla.
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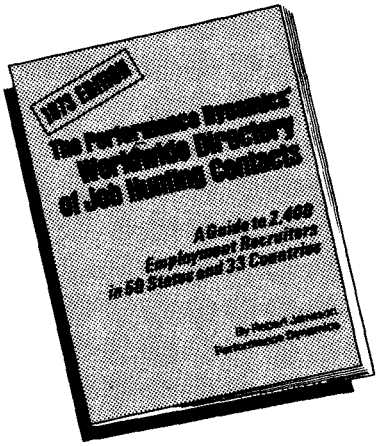
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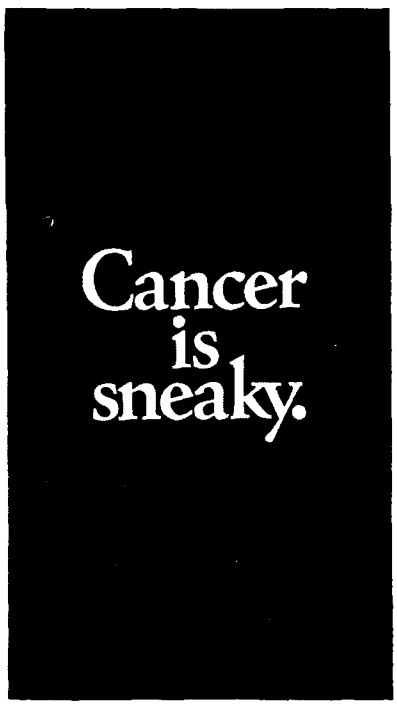

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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

(a defensible one, I think) went something like this: "Look, like it or not, the probable winners in the Chinese civil war are the Communists, so let's not get caught holding the bag by backing the probable losers." From what I'd read in the *New York Times* (where else?) I thought those guys had been railroaded. But, of course, I should have known better. That's the paper that used to have those articles about "Doctor" Castro—remember?

Well, I'm ready for that order of crow now, waiter, and my compliments to the chef.

New York, N.Y. A. L. ISRAEL

Points

I don't know where you got your quotes from George Romney and Lou Gordon ["For the Record," March 16]. Governor Romney said "misquotes," not "mosquitoes."

Having seen the program I would agree with Mr. Romney's actions. Lou Gordon has a habit of doing exactly what he was accused of, and he delights in doing it.

Royal Oak, Mich. DONALD P. WILLIAMS

Campora in Argentina is not the first dentist head of state ["The Week," March 30] —how about Cheddi Jagan and wife Janet in British Guiana in the early Sixties? Not a very admirable record for dentistry I'm afraid.

Hackettstown, N.J. P. H. MORSE D.D.S.

Ruin Is Ruin

There is inconsistency in *NR*'s philosophy of progress, it seems to me. In the March 2 issue, you printed what is in essence a lament for the old Paris which has "sold out to the plexiglass monster, *le drugstore, le superhighway*" ["It Really Was Yesterday," by Taki Theodoracopulos]. In the same issue someone hopes that the Wilderness Society and Friends of the Earth offices will be cold, since these organizations are blocking the building of the Alaska pipeline and we are short of oil ["The Week"]. The pipeline is already trashing Alaska, even if its coming is still not certain. Anchorage is becoming "crowded, noisy, traffic-choked." Speculation is everywhere; quick-turnover land developers are making a fast buck. A land rush is expected once the go-ahead is given for the pipeline.

Alaska is our last frontier. Its beauty can be preserved if development is thoughtful and careful. Rushing the pipeline will bring oil for a while, but the land will never be the same, just as Paris will never be the same.

NR editors like to visit Paris, not Alaska. But ruin is ruin and cannot be reversed.

New Haven, Conn. HOPE M. KIRKPATRICK

JLB's Constituents

I was very disappointed that none of the letters [March 2] concerning Senator James L. Buckley's article on becoming a United States Senator was from the very state he represents.

It was very rewarding to learn how this man representing us is willing to divide himself and his time to fulfill the obligations he has to his constituents.

The article made me realize how important a decision I made that November in a voting booth.

MRS. JAMES R. DIEGELMAN

West Seneca, N.Y.

Every time Conservative Senator James L. Buckley says or does anything that the general press picks up, I purr with pride to think that I voted for him. Now that I have read his "On Becoming a United States Senator" [Feb. 2] I am almost speechless with delight.

Those of us who have really followed politics for the last fifty years or so probably knew most of the things he said. But how many have followed that quaint hobby? His article should be required reading in every school in the land. (Of course, I am assuming that every school teaches the class in American History in which this reading could be required.) His language is clear and to the point. It is masterly exposition of a serious situation.

At this point what I devoutly hope is that Senator Buckley will not be so exhausted at the end of his six years in Washington that he will hesitate to run again. I doubt that he can convince the Senate of the virtue of changing its ways in only four more years.

New York, N.Y. MARGARET L. BROWN

Bravo, George Will!

Please give us more, more of George F. Will and his "Duck, Congress"-type articles ["Capitol Issues," March 2].

If any contemporary writer is to do for us in 1973 what Thomas Paine with his *Common Sense* did for our ancestors in 1776, George F. Will!

Cecilton, Md. RALPH L. DODGE

George F. Will's essay dealing with the "threads in a tapestry of ironies" woven around, and in part by, the American farmer ["Embattled Farmers," March 16] was fascinating.

Although the son and grandson of farmers, and still a resident in a rural area, I had never looked at modern agriculture in quite that way before. It is true, now that someone mentions it, that modern agriculture stands in relationship to older ways of farming as industrialism does to the agrarian ideal; but nevertheless, in our area we still tend to see farming as a simple way of life, rather than an industry, and blame the middlemen and those who "farm the farmer" for the family farmer's inability to make his threatened way of life work anymore. Our targets may be, in part, authentic; but, as the

(Continues on page 431)

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". . . the burden of proof has now swung to the other side. It lies upon the back of the scientific establishment to prove Velikovsky wrong. Much of what he has predicted is turning out to be right."

Ernest E. Angino
Chairman, Department of Geology
University of Kansas

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Lunar Rocks and Velikovsky's Claims — Dr. Derek York, geophysics division, University of Toronto
A Record of Success — 37 documented confirmations of Velikovsky's scientific and historical claims — Thomas Ferte, department of humanities, Oregon College of Education
Shapley, Velikovsky, and the Scientific Spirit — Dr. Horace Kallen, co-founder, New School for Social Research
On Decoding Hawkins' "Stonehenge Decoded" — Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky
Also, Lynn Trainor (professor of physics, University of Toronto); Lynn Rose (professor of philosophy, State University of New York-Buffalo); David Stove (senior lecturer in philosophy, University of Sydney); and many others.

Issue #II

Oedipus and Akhnaton — Dr. Cyrus Gordon, department of Mediterranean studies, Brandeis University
Notes on Velikovsky — Dr. P.P.M. Meincke, associate dean and professor of physics, University of Toronto
Velikovsky at NASA Ames Research Center — Dr. Richard Haines, research scientist, Ames Research Center
Reconciling Celestial Mechanics and Velikovskian Catastrophism — Ralph Juergens, civil engineer, Flagstaff, Arizona
Science vs. Anti-Science — an exchange between Velikovsky and W.C. Straka, department of astronomy, Boston University
Also, "Velikovsky on the Formation of Coal," by Wilfrid Francis; a report on the "Velikovsky Symposium" at Lewis and Clark College; "H.H. Hess and My Memoranda," by Immanuel Velikovsky; and many other articles.

Issue #III

A Quantitative Test for the Catastrophic Hypothesis — Dr. Euan MacKie, assistant keeper, Hunterian Museum, University of Glasgow
Babylonian Observations of Venus — Dr. Lynn Rose, department of philosophy, State University of New York (Buffalo)
A Reading of the Pyramid Texts — Dr. William Mullen, department of classics, University of California (Berkeley)
Earth Without a Moon — Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky
A Discussion Concerning Celestial Mechanics — Dr. Martin Kruskal, applied mathematics program, Princeton University, and Ralph Juergens
Also, "The Orbits of Venus," by Dr. C.J. Ransom and L.H. Hoffee; "Velikovsky's Challenge to the Scientific Establishment," by Professor Sidney Willhelm; "The Lion Gate at Mycenae," by Immanuel Velikovsky; and many other articles.

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- A continuing review of current developments regarding Velikovsky's work. Will there be a symposium on Velikovsky sponsored by the American Association for the Advancement of Science? What kinds of scientific censorship are still being directed at Velikovsky and other independent thinkers? What is now being said about him in the scholarly journals?

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Ups and downs for the President among Senate and House Republicans. In the Senate, conservatives **Buckley** (N.Y.) and **Tower** (Tex.), and moderate **Norris Cotton** (Vt.) have called on the Administration to cooperate wholeheartedly in the **Watergate** investigation. "We are coming to the moment of truth about Watergate," said Buckley. "If there is a crime involved I would like to see it exposed." . . . Buckley, Tower, and Cotton also recently sparkplugged the 23 to 4 vote by the Senate Republican Conference in support of Mr. Nixon's vetoes of what he regards as fiscally irresponsible legislation. Said Cotton: "It's time for Republicans to have enough guts to stand and show their colors and not pass the buck to the President." A united front by Senate Republicans would mean most presidential vetoes could be sustained. . . . The President lost one in House when Rep. **Bob Michel** (Ill.) beat out the White House-favored Rep. **Clarence Brown** (Ohio) as head of the Congressional Campaign Committee. The Administration had earlier tried to purge former Chairman **Bob Wilson**, and failed. Wilson ran for the post, was elected, and only then resigned. Hassle was over what Wilson and others, among them **Silvio Conte** of Mass., considered White House pressure last year on the GOP in the South *not* to run effective candidates against 55 "friendly" Democratic congressmen. . . . On the Democratic side, the Democratic Caucus last week voted 92 to 69 against a motion by Rep. **Don Edwards** (Calif.) to abolish the House Internal Security Committee (formerly HUAC). A surprise advocate of HISC: Rep. **Edith Green** of Oregon who, she says, has changed her position since seeing antiwar demonstrators burning American flags on the Capitol steps.

■ Not unlikely, an announcement very soon that GOP Rep. **Paul McCloskey** of California has switched parties. *Human Events* reports McCloskey has changed his registration from Republican to "no party affiliation" in order to, as he explains it, "keep my options open." . . . **John Connally**, who was expected to make the switch a fortnight ago, hasn't. (Waiting for Watergate to run dry?) A recent, very private poll, shows him running behind Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** in popularity in his native Texas. . . . **John Schmitz,** presidential candidate of the American Party in 1972, has withdrawn from the party and registered as an independent in California (he had been a Republican). He gave no reason for his resignation. . . . American Party, which was founded by **George Wallace** in 1968, is rudderless, having announced some time back that it no longer considers Wallace its leader. . . . Question that somehow wasn't asked when **Edward Kennedy** defended his acceptance of an invitation to speak at a rally in honor of **George Wallace** next summer: Not so much why did he accept, as why was he asked in the first place.

Pyne, *Punch* Ben Roth Agency

■ On marijuana: Chairman **Raymond Shafer** of the National Commission on Marijuana and Dangerous Drugs says in the past year eleven states have decriminalized the possession and private use of marijuana and another six are debating the question. A survey by the Commission shows that thirteen million Americans regularly use marijuana, eight million have tried LSD, five million cocaine and two million heroin. . . . A survey by the **American Council on Education** shows that 46.6 per cent of freshmen entering college in fall '72 thought marijuana should be legalized; incidentally, 73 per cent of them thought the rich should pay more taxes, 91 per cent felt women should have equal pay and job opportunities.

■ Much was made of **CBS** decision not to show *Sticks & Bones*, the antiwar TV flick about a blinded POW, charges of censorship etc. The real reason the networks withdrew it, according to both *Advertising Age* and *Broadcasting*, was that a good one-third of the CBS affiliates had notified the network they wouldn't show it and advertisers also had sheered off. . . . It now turns out that all three of the major TV networks had refused to show an **HEW** film advocating legalized abortion which HEW Sec. **Caspar Weinberger** has now withdrawn from the high school-college circuit under "political pressure." Public TV did show it. . . . The Senate, incidentally, has voted 92 to 1 to forbid the government from forcing doctors or private religious hospitals to take part in **abortions** or **sterilizations** if their refusal to do so is based on religious or moral conviction. . . . Sen. **Sam Ervin** (D., N.C.) says he is all for so-called shield legislation to protect the rights of newsmen, but he says it's the toughest piece of legislation he's ever tried to write. "I can argue either side without convincing myself very much either way," he says.

■ Maryland is doing its bit for the returning POWs. Its state legislature has accepted a resolution declaring **Jane Fonda** persona non grata in Maryland and urging a boycott of all her movies.

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Right now, many are utterly convinced the depression is coming, soon, and the economic indices support that contention right down the line!

THE EVIDENCE IS OVERWHELMING!

The market is not as sound as it appears and the European markets are in substantially worse shape.

We have been forced to devalue the dollar, and that is only a stop-gap measure! We still have a dangerously unfavorable balance of trade, we owe 50 billions in gold but our monetary gold reserves total less than 10 billion dollars!

We can't compete with the Japanese or Europeans right here at home in our own market-place, let alone overseas, not only because our labor costs are too high, but because our machine tools are obsolete and our manufacturing techniques are outmoded. (Our heavy industry remains virtually unchanged since before World War II, but the German and Japanese tools and techniques are post World War II and thus vastly more efficient).

Inflation is still with us, and unemployment is still rising . . . 6% nationally, 7% in sections of California, a staggering 15% in Seattle and, in some areas, higher still!

5,000,000 Americans are currently unemployed, 17 million are on relief and 20 million more are living under poverty conditions!

In Dallas, 25% of the office space is vacant. One of America's 50 largest banks is reported about to close . . . In New York and other big cities, landlords are abandoning once lucrative properties. In the world of high finance, where the goal was diversification and the watch-word was acquisition, the cry is now **divestiture!** Pare down! Get ready!

Look at our cities! Municipal governments virtually bankrupt! A shortage of housing, an overabundance of people, a racial problem growing worse instead of better! Air and water polluted. Education deteriorating, drug usage and violent crime on the rise, Police, firemen, street cleaners and other civil servants demanding higher and higher wages, and no end in sight!

And it's the same story all over the world!

In the once prosperous Ruhr Valley, the blast furnaces are growing cold, the steel mills are shutting down, and heavy industries are grinding to a standstill. Unemployment in Germany, the most prosperous nation in Europe, is increasing rapidly and it's the same in Britain, Italy, France, the Scandinavian Countries and, in fact, throughout the world!

The economy is shakier now than at any time since World War II, it is getting shakier by the minute, and not only is an imminent depression a certainty in the minds of many economists, but in many areas of the nation and the world it has already arrived!

The question is no longer, "Is it going to happen?" The question is, "What are you going to do to prepare yourself, to keep your holdings intact, and even make money from the opportunities that invariably present themselves?"

You don't have to be a millionaire to turn the depression to your advantage! In every depression, there have always been men who made money while others were going broke. There have always been businesses that flourished while others were going under. There have always been stocks that were going up while most were going down.

And there have always been men living securely and well while others were scuffling merely to stay alive!

There are techniques to use, there are methods that work! You don't buck the tide, you swim with it. You don't fight the depression. You join it! And you do it with knowledge. With know-how. By knowing what to do and how and when to do it!

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You learn which type of businesses flourish during a depression, and which types go under, and why!

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THE WEEK

■ PERILOUS TIMES DEPT.: "Supreme Court Justice Douglas and his pacemaker often seem to be the only line between us and fascism." Pete Hamill, *N.Y. Post*, March 28.

■ This was the most unkindest quote of all: "Washington reporters, with their acute sense of contemporaneity, always believe that each new Administration is plotting an assault on the freedom of the press with a determination and malignity never before seen in the Republic; the iniquities of past Presidents fade quickly in retrospect."—Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., quoted by Vice President Agnew. It is only fair to remind the reader that Professor Schlesinger's dictum appeared in his book *A Thousand Days*, 'way back in 1965, when it was still a Lesson of History.

■ Now it's cradle to the grave via Reno. With one out of every three U.S. marriages hitting the skids it's only *fair* that welfare pay divorce costs. So says the New York Court of Appeals, which last week ruled that local governments are responsible for the court fees of welfare clients who divorce, and ordered Albany County to foot the bill for a legal ad advising a runaway husband to come back and face proceedings.

■ Got a baby you'd like to get rid of? If he's white, you're in luck. According to an article by Karen Peterson in the *Indianapolis News*, an estimated four thousand babies are sold annually in the U.S., illegally for the most part, drawing prices as high as $25,000 (though one couple modestly settled for a used car). What with abortion reform and all, it's definitely a seller's market. Often it works like this: A "broker" will pay college students to scout for pregnant girls, paying them (say) $25 per referral, plus a bonus for every girl he connects with. In return for the baby, the enterprising broker pays her doctor and hospital (and likely as not, other) bills for her. Just one catch: If the baby turns out to be nonwhite, or to have any sort of detectable birth defect, the whole deal's off.

■ . . . as we understand it, Nelson Rockefeller, thinking ahead, always thinking ahead, to Albany in '74, and Washington in '76, and no doubt Paradise in 2000, wanted to cover his exposed flank in New York City, so he got together with Alex Rose, who controls the Liberal Party of New York, which needs all the allies it can get these days, and they cooked up a deal that would eliminate John Lindsay, who has run in the past on both the Liberal and the Republican tickets, from the mayoral race. Who should come to mind as a natural candidate but Robert Wagner, liberal Democrat, three times mayor of New York, the man Rockefeller originally brought Lindsay in to liberate the city from. Wagner has pulled some foxy rabbits from his hat in the past; for instance he once ran for re-election—*re-election* mind you—on a "reform ticket"; and won. All that Rockefeller had to do to secure the GOP nomination for liberal Democrat Wagner was to rope and hogtie the Republican county leaders, which he did, and then left for Europe for a well-deserved rest. But the glue Alex and Nelson used was not Epoxy, and Rocky's plane had hardly landed in Amsterdam when Wagner backed away from the deal. No puppet, he said. I want no part of the Republican Party. That was all John Marchi needed to announce his candidacy as a Republican. Now John Marchi had run for mayor against Lindsay in 1969 on the Republican and Conservative lines but this time the Conservatives didn't want him. They had already signed up with Mario Biaggi, a tough, much-decorated Italian cop with a give-'em-hell reputation. For the flick of an eyelash it looked as if cagey Jack Javits might jump in, but Jack's now backing John because, as he says himself, the best thing he can do for the people of all of New York, is to remain their senior senator, forever and ever, in Washington. Now let's see. We now have nominal Democrat Biaggi for the Conservatives, Democrat Wagner for the Liberals, and Republican Marchi, mirabile dictu, for the Republicans. The Democratic line is still not filled but Controller Abraham Beame, who ran against Lindsay in '65, seems to have the inside track against Biaggi and a field made up mostly of Lindsay administration dropouts. Albert Blumenthal—right, you never heard of him—has the backing of the New Democratic Coalition (which is big in the block adjoining the *Village Voice*) and of course Allard Lowenstein, who hasn't lost a race in the past four months, is still to be heard from. There are a few formalities ahead, like primaries, but with this explanation what will happen in them should be perfectly clear.

■ Robert C. Maynard, "Ombudsman" of the *Washington Post*, couldn't believe it was spontaneous, with all that God-bless-America, honorable-peace malarkey; the returning POWs, fresh from years in a foreign prison, obviously couldn't have thought that stuff up without the assistance of professional outside cogitators: "The fact of the matter is that the return of the prisoners of war was a militarily managed event down to the last 'God bless America.'" Funny: We don't recall Maynard expressing such cynicism about the POWs Jane Fonda used to quote.

■ That little insurrection in the Philippines, first denied and then downplayed by the government, begins to look suspiciously like a war. When, last month, Moslems in Mindanao launched skirmishes against the army to protest what they termed a landgrab by Christians, President Marcos talked the Moslem leaders into negotiation. The younger rebels promptly ousted their leaders and launched what is turning out to be organized and effec-

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Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegele. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really* knows. Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegele picked *five!*

If he'd been at the track betting, say $20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool $404... net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day... *every* fact that he teaches in his $200 course... is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve—and the *discipline*—to follow his methods to the *letter*, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against *them!* The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Voegele doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional*. It's *scientific*. No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts*. Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegele knows—and tells in his book.

It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches.

Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step... if you don't get reckless or greedy... you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for 31 days *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action*.

If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 31 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail!

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—*if* you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information*. Facts that dozens of people have paid $200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

Verified Results of the Voegele Professional Method of Winner Selection

Hollywood Park (75 days)
675 Races, 222 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.00 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,480.00

Atlantic City (60 days)
540 Races, 183 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)
576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)
675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter (30 days)
270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)
400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)
378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.10 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,807.00

But there aren't many people who can afford that kind of money. Even for a sure thing.

So what do you think about 10 dollars? That's all—10 dollars. And you have something *better* than a money back guarantee. Because your check or money order won't even be cashed unless—and until—you decided to keep the book because it's worth a *lot* more.

Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Political money: Robert Vesco, who contributed a suitcase (and the $200,000 in one-hundred dollar bills inside) to the Nixon campaign, has been asked to contribute $83,000 in back taxes to the Internal Revenue Service. This should give Vesco something to think about when he is not thinking about the Justice Department's probe of his campaign contribution, a grand jury inquiry, and a Securities and Exchange Commission fraud suit. . . . Walter T. Duncan, a Texan who contributed $305,000 to the Nixon campaign, has been indicted for making false statements in obtaining, with some partners, a $3.15 million loan. The Nixon campaign returned the $305,000 in March. That means 1972 politics only cost Duncan the $300,000 he gave the Humphrey primary campaign. . . . There is another politically active Texan who does not plan to need any loans. Robert Strauss, Democratic National Chairman, says he has no intention of giving up his law practice, which includes many clients who are doing business with the government.

■ Members of Congress know there is going to be an attempt to pass a constitutional amendment to roll back the Supreme Court's recent pro-abortion decision. Catholic congressmen are watching events in nearby Annapolis, Maryland, where Catholic state legislators have been warned they risk excommunication if they vote for a bill that is designed to bring Maryland's abortion laws in line with the Supreme Court ruling.

■ A report by the General Accounting Office charges that the Agriculture Department subsidized the billion-dollar grain sale to the Soviet Union "much beyond what appeared necessary or desirable." More than $200 million in subsidies were involved. Comptroller General Elmer B. Staats came down hard on the government's "assurance given to exporters that they could, in effect, commit the U.S. Government to make up the difference" between the so-called "world price" of wheat and whatever the domestic price of wheat might be at the time of the sale, and regardless of the size of the sale. Staats says: "The stage was thus set for the Russians skillfully to negotiate with individual exporters. The U.S. Government, not a participant in the negotiations, nevertheless subsidized the transactions. . . ." Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Wash.) made the same point in a speech in North Carolina, relating the lessons of the grain deal to the general problem of negotiating with the Soviet Union: "The openness of our system is itself an ingredient in the U.S.-USSR strategic relationship. There are few if any ways for the American Government to bring pressure to bear on the Soviet authorities; the Soviet people simply do not have much say over the policies their government pursues. But there are dozens of ways for the Soviet government to create constituencies in the United States for the kinds of policies they would like to see us follow. And in recent years Soviet officials have become shrewd operators on the American political scene. . . . The Soviets' understanding of how America works . . . has already yielded them tangible rewards. You are familiar . . . with the astute way the Soviets purchased large quantities of American wheat at bargain prices, simply because their trade negotiators were able to move freely about the country and deal individually and privately with American corporations."

■ The GAO report on the grain sales comes as the Jackson amendment on trade gathers momentum. More than seventy senators and 260 congressmen are co-sponsors of the measure that would deny trade concessions ("most-favored nation" status and government credits) to any country that "denies its citizens the right or opportunity to emigrate" or "imposes a more than nominal tax on emigration." This is aimed at the Soviet Union, and especially at its use of "head taxes" to prevent Jews from emigrating to Israel. (In recent days Moscow has moderated its "head tax" stand.) The Administration is terrified that the Jackson amendment will derail last year's trade agreement with the Soviet Union. The Administration does not dare openly to oppose the amendment, although some State Department officials are quietly lobbying against it. Some supporters of the amendment cite the GAO report and rising food prices, and argue that if the amendment blocks more such grain deals the result will be lower costs and more abundant grain supplies that will help hold down food prices.

■ In 1968 a young man with an odd and unknown name ran a close but losing race against Indiana's Democratic Senator Birch Bayh. Now William Ruckelshaus, forty, hoping his service as head of the Environmental Protection Agency has made his name familiar and attractive, is thinking of going after Bayh again in 1974. —CATO

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tive guerrilla combat. Said one government spokesman: "He [Marcos] said they were on the run, but he didn't say which way. They are running all right—over-running."

■ The Mediterranean is packed with Soviet ships—more than at any time since 1963. RAF reconnaissance reports 57 Russian vessels, among them the *Nikolaiev*, which carries an unprecedented multiple missile system ranging from SAM-3 anti-aircraft and SSN10 ship-to-ship missiles to horizon-range missiles with homing warheads. Submarines were not included in the count, but European intelligence figures the Russians are launching one nuclear sub every four to five weeks, some of which presumably nose their way to the Mediterranean floor. The surface warships are easily detected because the Russians have suddenly taken to writing their names in bold Latin script across the hulls. What everyone wonders is, is all this just a routine showing of the hammer-and-sickle, or is the Soviet Union seeking to demonstrate to all interested parties an ability to counter the U.S. Sixth Fleet?

■ It is now known that one of the weapons in a series of Soviet flight tests that began last autumn is a new ICBM, the SS-17. According to *Aviation Week*, the SS-17 is specifically designed to have a first-strike capability against the U.S. Minuteman-3 (MIRV-armed) ICBMs. The SS-17 carries a guidance system with inboard computer, capable of adjusting to variables such as winds in the atmospheric portion of its flight while directing the missile to its target.

■ *Izvestia* has discovered, to its horror, that there is no

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point going into a Moscow wine shop and asking for the Russian version of Pouilly Fuissé or Nuits-Saint-Georges: The shelves hold only imitation port and madeira. Why? Because in its fight on alcoholism, the government made vodka and brandy horribly expensive, so, in order to get the most alcohol for his money, Ivan Ivanovich will buy the cheapest port he can get, because it has 40 per cent more alcohol than the average table wine. And *Pravda* has unearthed yet another outrage. Posh saunas are built by local governments, says *Pravda*, and then run as private clubs for the benefit of local officials. There, the officials drink and carouse in luxurious surroundings, indulging in "merchants' revelry at the expense of others."

■ A *London Sunday Telegraph* series on life and death in Idi Amin's Uganda tells of two government agencies that specialize in effecting "disappearances" of "guerrillas." One, the Public Safety Unit, chiefly employs the "boot treatment." The guerrilla is seized as he walks down the street, shoved into the boot (trunk) of a car, taken to a secluded spot, and killed either by slitting his throat or by a sharp tap at the base of the skull with a twenty-pound sledgehammer. The other disposal agency, the State Research Department, is an "economic intelligence" group, which garrottes its victims, then pours gasoline or kerosene on the bodies and sets fire to them. Competition between the two government agencies is said to be stiff.

■ The automobile-manufacturing division of Rolls-Royce went on the auction block last week. Bids must be in by May 1; if a non-British firm wins out, it won't be able to use the venerable, venerated name. No problem for modern business. One bidder, Standard Oil of New Jersey, would simply change the name to Roxxs-Royce; another, Nissan Motors Ltd. of Japan, wants to call it Lorrs-Loyce. The Albanian State Motors Works hopes to keep the grille and flying lady while changing the name to Marx-Engels. Then there's Ford, which, rumor hath it, still believes there's magic in the name Edsel. Arrayed against this gang of foreigners is a hastily put together syndicate of Brighton landladies and retired colonels, which wants to keep the name and change the product, to golf carts.

■ Can't win for winning. Four years ago, the word from the environmentalists was that the Hudson River was doomed, dying, *alles kaput* from Mount Marcy to the Battery. Now it seems things are improving. Oxygen levels are rising; less raw sewage is gushing in; just the other day a small boy in Peekskill stuck his big toe in and lived to tell the tale. All of which sets the stage for a whole new parade of disasters. The teredo, or marine borer, for instance, had been all but killed off by the contaminated water; now that the Hudson is getting cleaner, he's back, eating up pilings and thus causing docks to collapse. Then there's that other pest, Man, who likes clean rivers, likes to swim and boat in them, likes to build houses alongside them, overcrowd them, contaminate them. Already the environmentalists are worried that the new Hudson will attract him. . . . We can't wait for Ralph Nader's forthcoming *The Cleanliness Threat*.

■ Moribund? Then you may want to steer clear of Chicago, where a new contract between the Teamsters and funeral directors specifies that a flower car must be hired (at $65 a trip) if more than one floral arrangement accompanies you to your final resting place. Guards will be waiting at the cemetery to inspect all family cars and hearses for possible violations.

■ Loose Construction Dept.: "The Constitution," writes radical columnist Nicholas von Hoffman, "gives a person the absolute right to make an idiot out of himself." We respectfully suggest that Mr. von Hoffman check the *precise* wording of whatever clause he has in mind. Before he invokes it once too often.

Scandal at Princeton

As we go to press, it appears that a major and perhaps symptomatic scandal is brewing at Princeton University. The context is important: There has been a great deal of discussion, indeed controversy, at Princeton this year concerning the living arrangements in the dormitories. Though against the official rules, cohabitation is acknowledged to be more or less commonplace. But that is merely to set the stage for what follows, though this sexual situation at Princeton and elsewhere will be worth returning to in the near future.

A publication entitled, innocuously enough, "Birth Control Handbook," has apparently been distributed to all students by Princeton's SECH Clinic (Sex Education, Counseling, and Health), which is located in the University's McCosh Infirmary. It apparently went out to all students through the regular campus mail system. Politically considered, it is a most striking item.

The cover design features a clenched-fist revolutionary salute, and the slogan "Medicine For The People," and before we get to the relatively routine anatomical information the pamphlet provides, we first encounter an "Introduction" which explicates the slogan on the cover.

After a standard Marxist exposition depicting the U.S. as the imperialist exploiter of the Third World, we come upon things like this: "The fact that ZPG [Zero Population Growth] claims to direct its propaganda primarily at white, middle-class Americans does nothing to eliminate the factor of racism which is an inevitable, historical aspect of the U.S. population-control movement, financed and directed by America's white ruling class." Oh?

On to pollution: "We [i.e., the people, intended iron-

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ically] are the villains because we individually submit to the billion-dollar psychological warfare waged against us by Madison Avenue. We are the villains because we drive to work in the only transportation system made available by GM, Ford, and Chrysler. We are the villains because America's biggest industry is the war industry, that bleeds taxpayers dry and exists only for death, destruction, and ecological tragedy."

And what is the answer, as proposed by the "Birth Control Handbook"?

"For solutions, we have to turn to new methods of governing ourselves, to new methods of distributing and conserving the riches of the world which in fact belong to all human beings and not only to the Rockefellers, Fords, DuPonts, Mellons, Rothschilds, and their like. One of the few countries in the world where there exists no starvation is China. . . . The 700 million Chinese accomplished this by overthrowing their foreign exploiters, by taking control of their own natural riches, by granting equality to women, by providing voluntary birth control, sterilization, and abortion programs, by determining their own priorities, such as education and food for all. Nothing short of equally basic social change in America and in the countries it exploits is going to bring solutions for our terrible problems of hunger, pollution, crime in the streets, racism, and war."

In a nutshell, the "Birth Control Handbook" is actually a Maoist political tract masquerading as a how-to sexual pamphlet, and, we repeat, apparently was distributed to all Princeton students, by an agency of Princeton University. Before it could be distributed, it had to be approved by the Advisory Council to the clinic, a 15-member body which includes Anthony J. Maruca, Vice President for Administrative Affairs; Edward Cox, Associate Dean of the College; and Ms. Halcyone Bohen, Assistant Dean of Student Affairs. This Advisory Council, we have learned, *did* approve the Maoist tract for campus-wide distribution.

NR is interested in several aspects of this, including the philosophical nexus between programmatic sexual promiscuity and radical politics. But the issue in the foreground is why, and at whose initiative, the Maoist "Birth Control Handbook" was distributed apparently under official auspices at Princeton. Stay tuned.

Vietnam: Next Phase?

With the departure of the last regular U.S. troops from South Vietnam and of the officially listed prisoners from North and South Vietnam and Laos, the primary objective of the ceasefire agreement has been achieved: military disengagement of the United States from South Vietnam. This was the primary objective of North Vietnam, of the Vietcong, and of the United States in signing the ceasefire agreement, and that is *why* it was achieved, more or less on schedule. Each of those three parties carried on after its own fashion; there were plenty of difficulties, frequent unpleasantness, and continual violation of all other objectives and provisions of the agreement. But since the three were united on that primary objective, they reached it. Saigon did not share in their consensus; it did little to help and a certain amount to harm in this phase just completed; but Saigon had not been admitted as a full party to the agreement nor was it independently powerful enough to block the primary objective.

In the next phase that now begins, there is no such triple union on any further objectives, and in fact no clear understanding of what the objectives are or might be. The U.S. would like, no doubt, to complete its military withdrawal from all Indochina and the rest of Southeast Asia, but the situation in Cambodia and Laos and the obligations to Thailand make this awkward. Nevertheless, the logic of the withdrawal from South Vietnam leads to an end of active military involvement anywhere in Indochina. One way or another, U.S. bombing of Cambodia will stop soon, even though there is no Cambodian government able to stand on its own feet. Sooner rather than later the veiled threat of a possible resumption of U.S. bombing and mine-laying in North Vietnam will fade. With the soldiers and the prisoners gone, there will be nothing palpable enough to trigger such action. And in any case, the attention of the U.S. Government and U.S. public opinion is swinging rapidly away from Southeast Asia.

Not that U.S. involvement in Indochina will cease with military withdrawal. In political, economic, military support, and no doubt paramilitary forms, it will continue, as will the involvement of China and the Soviet Union, and several other powers, beginning with Japan and France. But these involvements will, for the next phase, take other forms than bombing. It will be the local contestants who take the center of the ring for the next rounds in the unfinished conflict for control of Indochina.

Clean Up Wounded Knee

The armed occupation of Wounded Knee can of course be viewed from a variety of perspectives:

1. As an event in the history of style. The already rising demand for Indian jewelry and artifacts in the world of fashion soared to a boom level. The boutiques, department stores, and other dealers are cheerfully trying to satisfy the demand. The Indian stylistic revolution thus follows upon the earlier imitation of Cuban guerrillas, the imitation of blacks, man, and the imitation of teenagers, and may provide stiff competition for the imitation of Mao's Chinese. Unfortunately, the Indian decor craze isn't doing much for the actual Indians: most of the art work comes from Italy and Japan.

2. As a further step in the creation, as distinguished from the reporting, of news by the media. TV cameramen have repeatedly rearranged the insurgents in more

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appealing tableaux. The Indians have cooperated by re-enacting interrogations, lighting signal fires, and staging religious rites to oblige the cameramen. During one such rite, it developed that the Indians did not know how to slaughter a cow; a TV man stepped in to slaughter it himself. AIM leaders early on announced their secession from the U.S., a step suggested to them by a reporter. Indeed, the certainty of high media excitement was obviously one element in the calculation of AIM leadership, in their bid to topple the incumbent Sioux leader, Richard Wilson, a pre-McLuhan type.

3. As a welcome shot in the arm for the campus lecture circuit. Both the Black Panthers and the Chicago Seven are now a bit passé, and audiences are already bored with Angela Davis. Lesbians and astrologers have not been drawing. But can you imagine what fees people like AIM leader Dennis Banks will command, once this caper is over and they hit the greenback trail? Foundations like Ford and Carnegie will have to hire vans to ship the grant money out there. Paperback narratives will be ghosted. In short order, AIM leaders will be as rich as any notable Panther.

4. As a metaphysical necessity for the liberal Left. That is, the Indian thing is an interim filler for the psychic void left by the Vietnam war as a locus of anti-Western emotion. The breast-beating has resumed, and the beaten breasts are the same ones, only it's for Indians now instead of Vietcong. There is even the delicious dividend of anti-Christianism here: the nineteenth-century missionaries are under retrospective indictment, and there is much talk regarding the ecological merit of worshiping the Great God of the Waters, and so on. Medicine men are horning in on acupuncturists.

5. But also, as, morphologically, entering its climactic phase in which someone is actually killed, reality breaks in, and the boutiques suddenly empty. As at Kent State, as in the internecine Panther vendettas, at a certain stage real corpses begin to appear in the artificial garden of liberal-left chic.

It is time for the U.S. Government to end the clowning on both sides, and to re-establish control over the "occupied" territory at Wounded Knee.

Watergate Flooding

Vermont Royster commented recently in the *Wall Street Journal*: "The real mystery of Watergate . . . is less about what happened last summer . . . than why the Nixon headquarters at this late date is letting a caper turn into a political calamity. . . . The Democrats kept trying to make campaign hay with the scandal, but every public opinion poll kept showing that the public reaction was one of glee at the bungling and mostly indifference at the 'outrage.' As far as anybody can tell, the Watergate caper had not the slightest effect on the November voting. Some little boys had been caught with their fingers in the cookie jar. So what? . . . It seems most probable that President Nixon could have reduced the Watergate affair to a ten-day wonder as far back as last June. All that was likely needed was clear and unequivocal disapproval and, if necessary, letting a few heads roll."

On all counts Mr. Royster is convincing. We do not yet know all about who did what to whom, and why, in this Watergate business, but we know enough to conclude that President Nixon's handling of it since it broke into the open through the arrest of the heavy-handed bugging crew has been the worst political error of his Administration. We assign prime responsibility for the error to the President himself because, whether or not he knew anything about the clownish skulduggery beforehand, the basic command decisions about the line taken subsequent to the arrest were most certainly made by him. Mr. Nixon's usually brilliant tactical skill seems to have deserted him in dealing with this squalid and intrinsically trivial episode. We can only speculate about what may have jarred him so far off form: the classic hubris of the globe-encircling leader? a gallant but too cliquish loyalty toward his palace guards? a hope to screen by silence the role that a colleague at the highest echelon, even he himself, might have played? whatever else, a miscalculation of the curiosity, vindictiveness, and persistence of opponents, media, eccentric judges, and general public.

Everyone, friend or foe, naturally sees the Administration's refusal to say or do anything about Watergate as a coverup, and the longer the silence, the more intense the speculation over who is being covered, and for what. Not having the facts, everyone has been free to add his own fancies. And in the general fog over Watergate, the caper itself becomes vaguely joined in the public vision with all sorts of other real or supposed or conceivable peccadilloes with which it has no objective connection. (See "Capitol Issues" and "Letter from Washington" in this issue.) Naturally, too, Mr. Nixon's enemies take full advantage, driving their knives in more

Back to Square One

Unlike the Bourbons, Rockefeller *learns*.
Since Barry clobbered him in '64,
The man has been deciphering returns
Like Romans probing entrails on the floor.
He stumped the state for Nixon and the war;
He's all for putting pushers up for life.
Yes, he will run again for governor—
You saw him giving Lindsay-pooh the knife?
The gals forgive him for his second wife
As, day by day, he teeters toward the right.
He worries over inner-city strife
And whether I got home alive last night.
He's pawing like a presidential stag.
But running Robert Wagner made me gag.

W. H. VON DREELE

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and more gleefully as the vulnerable spots are exposed. But it is not only President Nixon's enemies who are stirred. When such loyal friends and supporters of the President as Senators James Buckley and John Tower and columnist James Jackson Kilpatrick demand a Watergate accounting, the time has come for the President to recognize his error and to take measures, though now more difficult and painful than they need once have been, to clarify and thus dissolve and denature the Watergate mysteries.

Fourteenth Amendment Revisited

1. School Financing

The Supreme Court's 5 to 4 decision concerning school financing possesses considerable philosophical interest, and appears to represent a break with the judicial style prevailing on the Court for a generation. In most states the public schools are financed at least in part by the local property tax, and as a result some school districts can spend more per pupil than others. In separate cases, lower courts in California and Texas had declared this unconstitutional under the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Not so, said the majority. And the ideological fissure was clear: five Republicans (the four Nixon appointees, plus Eisenhower's Potter Stewart) constituting a majority, as against three schematic Democratic liberals (Douglas, Marshall, Brennan) plus Byron White.

In effect, the Court held that equal expenditure per pupil, whether desirable or not, is not a "right" to be discerned in the generalized language of the Fourteenth Amendment. Now that language, until the present decision, has been the magical touchstone of social reform by judicial fiat, such reform moving relentlessly in the direction of greater and greater social and economic as well as political equality. It has seemed at least theoretically possible that the Court, confronting virtually any social issue, could posit a "right" based upon that language. Senator Kennedy, indeed, has recently begun to talk about a "right" to equal medical care: not the "desirability" of such care, but a universal "right" to it.

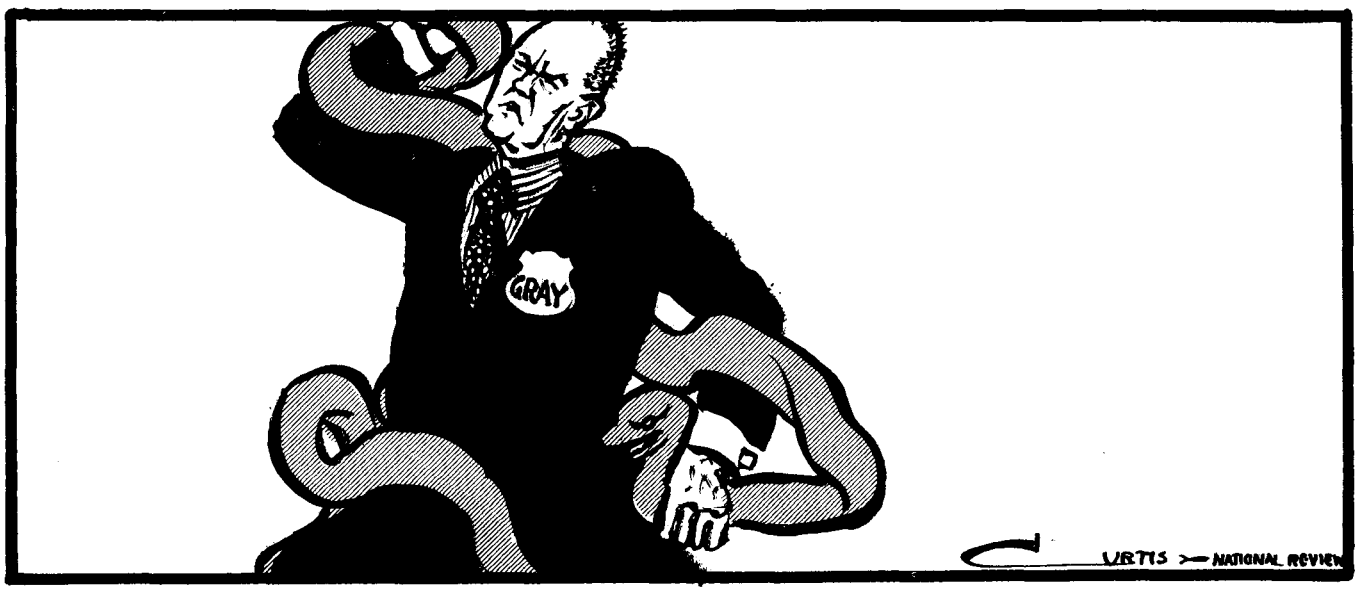
This time the majority of the Court drew the line. Debatable and complicated issues, such as school financing, it held, may best be left to the legislatures, which are closer to the local situation. To posit an abstract right, the majority noted, would create "unprecedented upheaval" in most state systems.

The issue of school financing is indeed a debatable one. While it is true that some school districts can afford to spend more per pupil than others, there is no evidence that such expenditure correlates with higher educational achievement. Furthermore, the increased expenditure in a given district may not even be *educational.* Was the Court to hold that you cannot build a swimming pool in school district A until you are willing to build one, too, in school district B?

The liberal ideologues both on the Court and on the editorial pages did not take their defeat lightly, characterizing it as an "historic retreat," and so forth. From their own standpoint, indeed it was.

2. One-Man, One-Vote

The case here involved Virginia, where a lower court had ruled against the state legislature's redistricting plan, on the ground that it permitted an unconstitutional population variation of 16.4 per cent between districts. The lower court proceeded to draw up its own plan, reducing the maximum disparity to 10 per cent. In order to



"Darned Politics!"

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achieve this greater "equality" of representation, however, the court carved up towns, cities, and counties, the integrity of which had largely been preserved by the legislature's plan.

By a vote of 5 to 3, the Supreme Court reinstated the legislature's plan. The decision, written by Justice William Rehnquist, reaffirmed the goal of "substantial equality" in voting strength, but added that "neither courts nor legislatures are furnished any specialized calipers which enable them to extract from the general language of the Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment the mathematical formula which establishes what range of percentage deviations are permissible, and what are not."

If you want to know what three justices were busily jerking their knees on this vote, please invert the page:

Douglas, Marshall, and Brennan.

More Controls Coming?

"President Nixon had good reason for confidence," says *Time*, "when he ordered formal wage-price controls replaced by the more voluntary restraints of Phase III. . . . Since then, though, there has been more and more reason for the rest of the nation to start worrying. Inflation seems once again to be getting out of hand." But there was ample reason to be worried about renewed inflation long before January. The wholesale price index rose by 6.5 per cent last year—the biggest jump since 1950—and the rate of increase was climbing at year's end. Those wholesale increases are bound to work themselves into retail prices this year. Taking Phase III as a whole, the consumer price index rose at a 3.7 per cent annual rate—a trivial improvement over the 3.8 per cent rate prevailing before controls. Fueled by a series of unprecedented deficits, the money supply rose by over 8 per cent last year (10 per cent if savings deposits are included). That much money invariably stimulates production first, then wages and wholesale prices, and finally retail prices.

There is no way of avoiding the inflationary consequences of last year's monetary flood. That's like expecting a speeding car to stop on a dime. The important question is whether we learn from last year's mistake in time to slow the inflation by the end of this year. This is the Federal Reserve Board's responsibility, and there are signs that the Fed is at least trying to restrain monetary growth. There are simply too many dollars chasing too few goods.

As for specific problem areas, like food prices, the Administration has been pursuing the right course by moving toward less, not more, government control: Meat import quotas have been suspended; restrictions on how much land can be planted in grains have been loosened; most of the government's grain stockpiles have been sold; some farm export subsidies have been eliminated; and the President is courageously trying to phase out farm subsidies. Again, it will take time for these constructive reforms to be reflected in lower prices. Clamping on a new set of arbitrary controls in the hope that they would prove an instant and painless cure-all can only result in repeating the costly fiasco of Phase II, for which we are now paying.

Another Crisis Passing?

Can it be that the "drug crisis," our daily companion since the early 1960s, is diminishing? The evidence is mixed. On the one hand, we have Governor Rockefeller demanding life in prison for most pushers and death for some; President Nixon urging that drug control and enforcement be put in the hands of one big federal agency that will wage a multimillion-dollar battle against the plague; lesser politicians together with journalists and clergymen sounding away on the standard "crisis" wavelength.

On the other hand, we have some . . . interesting tidbits. The best news is that the use of heroin (and of a number of other drugs and pills also) is leveling off most places and actually dropping in some. Even in New York City, where half the nation's heroin addicts are believed to dwell, heroin deaths increased only slightly, if at all, between 1971 and 1972. To be sure, any death from drug use is tragic; and a sharp decrease in heroin deaths would be preferable to a slight increase. Still, any evidence that hard-drug use has stopped growing by leaps and bounds is welcome.

Then there is new evidence that, contrary to widespread belief, heroin addiction does not lead to violent crime. Detailed studies of several groups of addicts suggest that most of them exhibited criminal behavior before they began to use drugs; that most who turn to crime to feed their habits choose nonviolent crime (shoplifting, burglary, forgery), very few turn to violent crime (mugging); that in many cases rehabilitated ex-addicts continue to support themselves by crime. In other words, for all that our lives may be endangered by muggers, we may be on the wrong track if we hope to protect life and limb by ridding the streets of drugs, addicts, and pushers. "Crime does not go down when you take addicts off the streets," says one New York police captain. "In fact, there is some evidence that it increases—that the preoccupation with addicts allows more serious criminals to act more freely." We thought we had one problem: drug-induced crime. Perhaps we had two: drugs and crime, each to be dealt with separately and differently.

The breakdown of the connection between drugs and crime undermines the cherished liberal belief that the addict is merely a "nice boy gone bad"; that he will stop stealing, mugging, whatever as soon as his supply of drugs is guaranteed, free, by the state. If the addict is in fact a person predisposed to criminal behavior, and his addiction merely another form of criminal behavior rather than the cause of it, then the "maintenance" idea

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"Before the press conference begins, I trust I have your word that you won't reveal me as your source."

loses one prop. So does the idea that "treatment," whether by total withdrawal, methadone, consciousness-raising, or prayer (all of which are actively touted; none of which has so far been proven effective) is the solution to the crime problem. Even if it could save the addict from drugs, it probably would not save society from his criminal depredations.

All this new information has yet to be thoroughly substantiated. Nevertheless, it raises the possibility that many of the claims advanced to demonstrate that existence of the "drug crisis" are unsound; that we may be barking up several wrong trees and wasting a great deal of taxpayers' money doing so. In an ideal world, everyone would now hush up about the "drug crisis" and start digging for more information. In the real world, crises are necessary: They are the stock in trade of journalists and politicians, and the delight of an excitable populace.

Noël Coward, R I P

Not so long ago an *NR* staffer spotted Noël Coward tripping down a theater aisle, talking animatedly to a companion, totally ignoring the usher who, finally, in desperation, said: "Mr. Coward, you've gone too far." "Story of my life," he replied as he went back up the aisle to his seat.

And to a certain extent it was. In his private life, Noël Coward was not a model of the cardinal virtues. It can't be said that he left the world better than he found it, but, indubitably, he left it merrier. "Never, never, never," he once advised young playwrights, "bore the living hell out of an audience," and he took his own advice. Irritate it, yes, shock it, sometimes, but bore it, seldom if ever. When in form, he had style and grace, urbanity, sophistication, wit. He was a snob, he wrote about snobs, about aristocrats who drank too much, had affairs, went to marvelous parties, stayed out in the noonday sun, were mad about the boys (and the girls), were blithe in spirit, and often gently potty; he wrote about the post-Kipling generation that ended up fighting a big war. His verse was light, but usually witty. He had a talent for friendship in a theatrical milieu where that is rare. He was incapable of taking himself or anyone much else, for that matter, seriously, which made him enemies. About Randolph Churchill: "The thing I like best about dear Randolph is that he remains so unspoiled by his great failure." About himself, as a youngster: "I was a talented boy, God knows, and when washed and smarmed down a bit, passably attractive." About the war, during which he made the very fine and patriotic *In Which We Serve*, and wore himself out entertaining British troops: "I behaved through most of the war with gallantry tinged, I suspect, by a strong urge to show off." He was irrepressible. When a young reporter tried to badger him into admitting that he had left England for Switzerland to escape taxes (which was true), he refused to be cornered, and gave as his reason—"I adore chocolate."

Sir Noël always deprecated his own accomplishments. "The most I ever had," he wrote in *Bittersweet*, "is a talent to amuse." When he died last week, the world he had written about was as obsolete as the dodo and Bertie Wooster. But the world he left—that Anglo-Saxon world so unsure of itself these days, so dour—recognized that this particular talent to amuse would be a talent sorely missed.

Or as Sir Noël himself once said: "The world has treated me very well, but then I haven't treated it so badly either."

—PLB

Notes & Asides

■ 3/6/1973

Senior High Math Club
Valley Stream South High School
150 Jedwood Place
Valley Stream, New York 11581

Dear Mr. Buckley,

We are pleased to announce that you are hereby being offered another honorary position of momentous importance.

Due to your great mathematical-scientific aptitude, which you have alluded to, you are now an honorary

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member (if you so choose) of the Valley Stream South Senior High Math Club.

The team feels that it will meet with a greater degree of success under your patronage. Also, your name will appear on the scoresheets.

Please send us official notice of your acceptance to ensure the Math Meet officials will recognize you. Otiose filigree would be appreciated; in its absence, the team could be accused of forgery.

Thank you very much. Don Herzog, Carlton M. Smith,
Jeff Elliott, Lenard Adler, John Naschek,
Mr. Maggio, faculty adviser

I accept. You can have all the otiose filigree we have around here, but it isn't much. Regards, —WFB

■ TIME
Washington, D.C.

Dear Bill:

I earnestly hope that with the running of Gloria Emerson's note in the March 30 issue, the un-lovely crusade that you and *NR* have directed against her will at long last end. As I told you more than a year ago in Saigon (you remember: when there was criticism of the press for not reporting the "post-war reconstruction" in South Vietnam, more specifically three months before the predictable, and predicted, Easter offensive began), I never did understand what the anti-Gloria campaign was all about.

What precisely was her sin? She focused on the effect of the war on ordinary people, Vietnamese and Americans. Surely, that is not an improper exercise for a reporter. (Or was Goya wrong, too?) It is easy for people to say, "Oh, yes, but we all *know* about that." But we *don't* know about it, and we ought to—all of us, including those who think the American participation in the war in Vietnam was morally justified. I happen to believe that when the kind of rational analysis that most of us produce is lost in history, people will still read Gloria Emerson's dispatches from Vietnam for the truth of the matter.

But forget that. She is, I *know*, a good and honest reporter, and a marvelous writer. As such, she is at least entitled to be treated civilly, don't you think?

Regards, Stan Cloud

Dear Stan,

I could not have been more surprised if you had written a letter to George Wallace advising him that you hope he will now call off his vendetta against Arthur Bremer. What *are* you talking about, *NR*'s *crusade* against Gloria Emerson? We touched three times in the course of two years on her daily stories from Vietnam. We did not object to her calling attention to the victims of the war but to her confining her pity to victims of American and South Vietnamese violence. I do not doubt that in the future people will read about the ordinary victims of the Vietnam war. I trust they will also read about the extraordinary victims of the Vietnam war, among whom Gloria Emerson is painfully conspicuous. Yours cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have occasion to write to you to thank you, at the risk of being over-dramatic, for possibly saving my life or at least saving me from serious injury. My latest spate of Buckley consumption consisted of *Cruising Speed*, in paperback, and *Inveighing We Will Go*, read in the weighty hardbound version and originally procured from the Base Library of the U.S. Air Force Base at U-Tapao, Thailand where I recently spent two weeks on detachment. This is how you came to save my skin. On the occasion of one rare afternoon off during those two weeks, I was relaxing in a lounge chair outside my quarters, sunning and reading. I was eagerly progressing through an early chapter of *Inveighing* when just to my right, about six feet away, or well within striking distance, a medium-size dreaded King Cobra—for which Thailand is famous—raised its head to leer at me. I assume my chair must have been in his favorite path of travel or something, but I knew I couldn't leap from deep within that comfortable chair faster than he could travel that six-foot distance, if he chose. Being careful not to betray my intentions, I tensed to toss your book at him as we stared each other down. I flung it and rocketed from the chair, not bothering to see if I hit him. At a safe distance I stopped, turned and saw the reptile slither into some bushes a safe distance away.

Yes, I could have been reading anyone's book at the time, but it was your book, and aside from its excellent content, I am extremely glad you wrote it!

Sincerely, and with great admiration,

Philip Allen Keith
Lt., Patrol Squadron SIX
FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96601

Dear Lt: Thanks. But why didn't you just try reading aloud to the cobra? Regards, **—WFB**

A State's Prerogative?

The girls (God bless 'em), though they say
"No" at a Wednesday matinee,
May, if they find it opportune,
Say "yes" on Thursday afternoon.
Likewise, Nebraska, voting "yes"
For Women's Lib and all that mess,
Reversed itself the other day
Like Scarlett turning beaux away.
Now if a state can change its mind
Like ladies when they're in a bind,
I know a few amendments which
The legislatures ought to ditch.

W. H. von Dreele

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GEORGE F. WILL

Corruption in High Places?

"CORRUPTION," said Gibbon, "is the most infallible symptom of constitutional liberty." Hell's bells, snorted Lyndon Johnson when exasperated by talk about corruption in Saigon, "there is corruption in Beaumont, Texas." To such a pass have things come this spring that positive thinkers are saying Washington is better off than Beaumont when it comes to symptoms of constitutional liberty.

Is "corruption" too strong a word for what is making headlines here? Consider five things:

1. Mr. Nixon's nominee to head the FBI says Mr. Nixon's lawyer lied to the FBI. This could be just the unfortunate result of a misunderstanding exploited by a shrewd senator cultivating a new ambition. Mr. Gray says that last June 22 the lawyer, John Dean, told an FBI agent that he would need to do some checking before he could say if Watergate defendant Howard Hunt had a White House office. Democratic Whip Robert Byrd of West Virginia, a conservative busy cultivating his party's liberals, preparatory to trying to succeed Mike Mansfield as Majority Leader, charged that Dean had lied because Dean knew Hunt had a White House office. Senator Byrd asked if Gray agreed that Dean had lied. Gray answered: "I would have to conclude that judgment probably is correct." The White House promptly and heatedly denounced Senator Byrd's charge, and insisted that what Dean had said was that he would have to check whether FBI agents could *visit* Hunt's office. Regardless of what is the truth, appearances matter, and because Gray thinks Dean lied, Gray appears to have been weak—or worse—in responding to Dean's requests for FBI reports of its on-going Watergate investigation.

2. James McCord, a convicted Watergate burglar, says he and other Watergate defendants were under "political pressure to plead guilty and remain silent" during their trial. In addition, he says, "perjury occurred during the trial in matters highly material" to the government's case.

3. McCord says he will only talk about this in the privacy of the judge's chambers because he does not trust the FBI.

4. Mr. Nixon has cited "executive privilege" and ordered some past and present White House employees not to testify before the congressional committee investigating Watergate. Mr. Nixon may be right about the importance of standing by the principle of "executive privilege" in this way. To his credit, he has invited a prompt court test. But, again, appearances matter, and in these circumstances an unusually vigorous assertion of "executive privilege" does not look like a pure act of principle.

5. Mr. Nixon was angry at Gray's offer (quickly withdrawn) to allow Senate Judiciary Committee members to review raw FBI data on the Watergate investigation. Mr. Nixon is correct in insisting that politicians must not be allowed to dabble in raw FBI data. But the fact is that he had to correct his nominee on what was fundamentally a matter of judgment.

SO WHAT IS going on here? Is it "corruption"? It is too early to say with any finality. But without prejudging anything in this mess involving Watergate, the White House, and the hapless Patrick Gray, five conclusions suggest themselves:

1. Mr. Nixon probably would agree that among the most important things a President can do are to nominate Supreme Court justices and FBI directors. Mr. Nixon's nomination of Gray has become as a big a shambles as two of his Supreme Court nominations.

2. There can be no complete ban on blood sports in America so long as the Senate must confirm presidential nominees. The destruction of Patrick Gray is not pretty, but it is legitimate—indeed, familiar—Senate business.

3. Gray is in the soup because of his close identification with the Republican Party. He campaigned for it last fall; his behavior during the Watergate investigation appeared unduly deferential to political men in a Republican White House. The GOP will be the big loser in all this. Mr. Nixon today is perilously close to seeing his major accomplishments, foreign and domestic, overshadowed by a constellation of squalid incidents. The potential long-term damage to the GOP can hardly be exaggerated. For a variety of reasons it has been forty years since the public has seen the GOP as the nation's natural "governing party." John Connally was widely expected to have announced his conversion to Republicanism in the week that ended with McCord's bombshell about political pressure and perjury. Mr. Connally's instincts are good: that was not the week to hop aboard the good ship GOP.

4. In four years the White House palace guard has become bitterly resented throughout government. The reasons go beyond the fact that these high-ranking aides have faithfully served the twin goals of bridling the bureaucracy and isolating the President from such day-to-day distractions as senators. Congressional Republicans got the message when the White House abandoned many GOP candidates last fall and even helped re-elect some Democrats. The White House has gone out of its way to advertise its belief that it has the support of the people, and hence does not need Congress. As a result there are very few Republicans today in Congress who feel obligated to exert themselves on behalf of the embattled White House.

5. Many Washingtonians would love to see some White House grandees implicated in the enveloping Watergate fiasco. The rigid centralization of the executive branch under the Nixon Administration has all lines of authority running straight to the top of the White House staff. That very centralization encourages the belief (especially among those who want to believe it) that the men who so assiduously gathered power to themselves cannot escape the tide of culpability.

It will not be long before we have some idea of how much corruption has been loosed, and by whom. Meanwhile what we know for sure is that where there is smoke there is smoke, and it is casting a pall over Washington. □

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Energy: The Strategic Dimension

ALTHOUGH it is fashionable to say so, it is not true that there is an energy "crisis." What there is in this country at present is a small energy shortage. It is certain, however, that this shortage will get worse, probably to a degree at which "crisis" will become an appropriate description.

To build a generating plant takes about ten years even without the administrative and legal delays introduced by government bureaus, ecologues and lawyers, and not enough plants are being built at present to meet the minimum predictable demand a few years from now. There are also rapidly increasing difficulties in obtaining a sufficient supply of the oil and natural gas on which our production of both electrical and mechanical energy chiefly depends for the present and for some while, at least, to come.

All of us can readily translate "energy shortage" into personal terms, and some of us had faint inklings of its meaning in the recent experiences of this winter just past. But personal inconveniences are only the surface. Our economic (and social) structure is hooked on energy, and energy is a drug that must be taken in cumulatively bigger doses to prevent withdrawal pains, or collapse; maybe death, if the reduction should be abrupt and deep enough. The U.S. is using a third of the world's total electric power production. U.S. electric power usage increased four and a half times in the twenty years 1950-1970, while GNP (corrected for inflation) doubled. The figures on other forms of energy usage (e.g., mechanical energy produced by internal combustion engines) are similar.

It is not only our economic structure in general that is dependent on massive infusions of energy, but, specifically and crucially, our military sector. The military dependence is twofold. On the one hand, our mode of fighting with aircraft, mechanized land vehicles, powerful ships, electrical and electronic apparatus, machines and installations, uses up huge amounts of such energy-producing sources as petroleum. And second, colossal amounts of energy are required to produce the weapons and the means of making weapons. The production of the nuclear stuffing for warheads alone requires more electric power than the total production of most countries.

The strategic dependence of our economy and our military capability on massive energy consumption is geographic as well as structural. For a significant proportion (23 per cent) of our raw materials in energy production—oil and natural gas—we already depend on imports, from Canada, Latin America, Africa, and especially the world's primary oil pool in the Middle East. For at least some years the proportion required from foreign nations, as well as the absolute amount, is bound to rise. It is estimated that by 1980 we will need to import 40 per cent: 1.2 billion tons per year, costing at least $30 billion. (And where will those $30 billion, added to our current payments deficit, come from?)

In the longer term there are a number of possible solutions for the energy supply problem. But for the short and middle term, a crunch is coming, to the West European nations and Japan as well as to the U.S. The basic strategic dimensions are simply defined: strategic dependence of the military apparatus on a huge energy supply; strategic dependence of the energy supply on foreign sources of raw material. Contemplating that double-tiered dependence, the chiefs of staff must see the energy situation as inacceptable.

What, then, can be done about it? Logically, there seem to be three non-exclusive possibilities: 1) reduce energy consumption; 2) speed development of potential domestic sources; 3) assure control over some or all the foreign sources. Addition of new foreign sources, such as the Siberian oil and gas fields, does not constitute an independent fourth possibility, since these would merely join the other sources outside domestic jurisdiction.

By a sly trick of history, it is the advanced nations that are (for this period) dependent on oil, and the backward nations that have got most of it.

Suppose that in a future war or acute war threat the Middle Eastern rulers declared a boycott on oil shipments. What would we do? To judge by our performance at Wounded Knee, the answer is, probably nothing much. What would we do if the war situation were serious enough to mean defeat without plenty of oil?

Project Vulcan?

Option 3) was very persuasively argued by Messrs. Richard Runyon and Lawrence Rocks in *NR* (March 2), with special emphasis on the potential of our enormous domestic coal deposits. (A big increase in domestic production and known reserves would automatically improve our leverage on foreign sources.) But for this to be carried out in time to handle the middle-range crunch, there would have to be a program of the Manhattan Project-Apollo type, integrating government and private resources and skills. And the costs would not be only in tens of billions of dollars. We, the prairie dogs, the cold-water fish, and the caribou might have to reconcile ourselves to a bit more pollution than the ecologues prescribe. In time this Project Vulcan, as it might be called, may come to be. But the habits of a mass democracy, and our leader's penchant for such more dramatic moves as the Siberian venture, make it unlikely that this will happen until the shortage really begins to hit us in the face.

A reduction in energy consumption, or in the rate of increase, could make only a marginal difference without wrecking us, but some reduction is coming whether or not we plan for it. Some golfers may have to relearn walking, and housewives how to open a can by handpower. We may have to settle for one car in the garage, and disappoint the ecologue's demand for antipollution measures that mean quantum jumps in energy use. We might even have to relearn how to fight with something less than the world's record amount of energy expediture per enemy death that we reached in the Vietnam war. □

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ITT AND ALLENDE

Looking Back on What Happened

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

ITT's ATTEMPT to prevent Salvador Allende's 1970 election, first alleged last year by Jack Anderson, jumped back into the headlines a fortnight ago when a special Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee opened hearings into the case. ITT has asked for $92 million in compensation from the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, a government agency set up to indemnify U.S. corporations whose properties are nationalized or expropriated. The hearings of Senator Frank Church's subcommittee were to determine whether ITT's claims were valid or whether the company had so involved itself in the internal affairs of Chile that Allende was justified in taking over its assets.

It will be recalled that seven weeks passed between Allende's narrow plurality victory in the popular election, which threw the decision into the Congress, and his final confirmation by the Congress. Anderson charged that, in the interim, ITT offered the State Department over $1 million to stop Allende, without specifying how: So much, on the evidence of the memos Anderson secured and circulated, is clear enough. Anderson himself was vague about the details, although he was clear enough about the moral of the story. Indeed, in his account, there was almost more moral than story: ITT was a "huge international conglomerate," "a veritable corporate nation" which "has built an empire, like Britain's, upon which the sun never sets"; its hierarchy includes, or has included, numerous world leaders, among them former UN Secretary General Trygve Lie, former Belgian premier Paul-Henri Spaak, and former CIA director John McCone; and through McCone's CIA contacts ITT had been "plotting" to "block Allende's election and, thus, interfere in Chile's free-election process." While he was at it, Anderson noted that ITT had developed an "incestuous" association with the Nixon Administration. Anderson conceded, rather confusedly, that ITT hadn't actually *done* anything, despite the gleam in its corporate eye: The CIA plan was "too wild even for ITT" (and God knows that's *wild*); and ITT's attempts to enlist White House and State Department support got only a "polite but cool reception."

What, exactly, happened? Something like this: Allende sent ITT into a panic by winning the September election; one of his major campaign themes had been the nationalization of all telecommunications, which meant ITT's Chiltelco (Compania de Telefonos de Chile), the largest telephone company in the country and ITT's largest holding. At once ITT officials began casting about for ways to protect Chiltelco. The obvious way was to prevent Allende from

coming to power. But ITT couldn't do it alone. J. D. Neal of its Washington office therefore called two State Department officials to relay to them ITT President Harold Geneen's concern over the situation, and his offer "to assist financially in sums of up to seven figures." (ITT's Chilean holdings, threatened by Allende, approached a quarter of a billion dollars.) Neal also mentioned that ITT had been trying, unsuccessfully, to get other American corporations in Chile aroused over the danger to themselves. These calls got "polite but cool" replies.

There is no evidence that the State Department seriously considered (let alone accepted and put to use) the million-dollar offer; apparently ITT soon dropped the idea, for it is mentioned only once, in the earliest of the memos Anderson published. (The meaning of the offer was left unclear by ITT officials who testified before the special Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee. One denied that the money was intended to support either a coup or other political activity; another said it was meant to finance an anti-Allende runoff coalition; a third said the idea was to win Allende's favor by sponsoring farm and housing programs.)

Two weeks later, Senior Vice President E. J. Gerrity was approached by William Broe, then director of the CIA's Latin American operations. Broe had a plan to induce economic collapse in Chile through a sort of general strike of the big U.S. investors, in the hope that the chaos would lead to a coup before Allende could assume office. Gerrity passed the scheme on to President Geneen, expressing some reservations about it. Geneen agreed that it was "not workable," and added that ITT should handle Broe with great discretion. In any case, the plan never materialized. Other companies, including Ford and General Motors, wouldn't go along with it, being less directly threatened than ITT and hoping to work out some arrangement with Allende. ITT spent most of the two months between the popular election and the inauguration watching the situation get worse, and occasionally sending an ineffectual prodding letter to the State Department in the hope of inspiring a more assertive policy.

ITT had operated in Chile since 1927. In 1930 it received a fifty-year concession from the Chilean government, and under that contract organized Chiltelco. Though not a monopoly, Chiltelco held a special status, with contractually specified guarantees, privileges, and obligations. ITT notes that it has always been a "good corporate citizen" of Chile, regularly exceeding its obligations to the nation and multiplying the number of telephones in Chile nearly tenfold since 1930. Over the past decade, it has paid in taxes or reinvested more than six dollars for

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every dollar in profit it has taken out of the country. Since 1967, under an agreement reached with the government of President Eduardo Frei, ITT had reduced its interest in Chiltelco to 70 per cent by the progressive sale of its stock to the Chilean government and citizens, a process that was ultimately to reduce ITT's interest to 51 per cent. This in turn might have led to the sale of the controlling interest to the government, in accordance with a pattern that has occurred in other South American countries. If Allende hadn't come along, there is no reason to suppose that ITT wouldn't have been able to reach a final settlement with Chile as amicably as it has done with other nations. But Allende was a horse of a different color.

Allende's countrymen were hardly less worried about his accession than ITT: The Christian Democrats, in fact, offered him their support in the congressional confirmation election in return for guarantees that he would respect the traditional constitutional rights of Chileans. Allende refused, saying that his own "democratic attitude" made such guarantees unnecessary. The Christian Democrats miserably gave in, and elected him anyway. ITT learned other reasons to fear him. Its intelligence system reported that Russian and (Soviet-trained) Cuban agents had begun to swarm into Chile after the popular election, that with Russian money and expertise they were directing his post-election campaign; that he was taking advice from Fidel Castro (mute your revolutionary rhetoric till you're safely in power; buy friends in the armed forces); that he had secretly threatened to burn the facilities of the anti-Communist newspaper *El Mercurio*, and to hang its publisher, Agustin Edwards. Ironically, these facts became known to the Chilean public only through Jack Anderson's revelation of the ITT memos (Anderson himself, in his account of ITT's attempt to butt into Chile's "free-election process," didn't mention them).

For a few months after his election, Allende's policy toward Chiltelco was one of malign neglect: He simply delayed acting on the company's request for a rate increase. The effects of this were serious. Chile's rate of inflation during 1970 was 35 per cent; the government had decreed a universal wage increase of 35 per cent; a summer storm and the great earthquake that year had done extensive damage to the company's properties. Moreover, the threat of nationalization made investors unwilling to lend Chiltelco money.

At a March 1971 meeting with Allende, ITT offered to sell all its remaining interest in Chiltelco to the government. Allende said that he would take a month to study the situation, after which his government would make ITT an offer; adding that he had no plans to seize Chiltelco. But in May, he summoned ITT executives and announced that he had decided to proceed at once with the nationalization.

At subsequent meetings the government made clear, to ITT's dismay, the terms of nationalization. It assessed Chiltelco's value at $24 million—barely a tenth of the value acknowledged by the Frei government—and declared its intention of negotiating outside the terms of the 1930 concession contract. ITT would have none of this, and insisted that the contract was valid and binding; but its representatives said that they would consider an appraisal by an independent appraisal firm. Government officials, however, would submit to such adjudication only if the government were to assume the management of the company at once, without paying any compensation—a condition ITT rejected.

Further talks got nowhere; the government accused ITT of sabotaging negotiations and made it clear that it would go ahead with nationalization; finally it appointed an "interventor" (as such government agents are called in Chile), who formally assumed management of Chiltelco on October 1, 1971.

BEFORE seizing the company, Allende had waged a campaign of harassment against Chiltelco, including physical threats against some of its executives. General Manager Benjamin Holmes (a native of Chile, by the way) was on one occasion locked in his office building overnight, along with other employees; the company's books were taken, damaged, and returned. A few days before Chiltelco was seized, plainclothes members of the Policia Civil-Investigaciones came at dawn to the homes of Holmes and three other ITT officials, and arrested them at gunpoint. They were held on charges of contract fraud and were separately interrogated. ITT insists that these were trumped up charges since the contract in question had been approved in 1968 by Chiltelco's board of directors, which includes three government appointees. In any case, an appellate court quickly dismissed the case, declaring in effect that the government lacked sufficient evidence even to prosecute.

A man who identifies himself with a benign force of history will consider himself exempt from ordinary restraints, and under no duty of tolerating opposition. ITT's experience has shown that Allende is precisely such a man. So has Chile's. Before his election by the Congress, Allende made it known that if he were to be denied the presidency, there would be civil war. Chile did not so much choose him, as decide to tolerate his rule, in the hope that the constitution would prove strong enough to contain him. ITT did not share that hope. And yet the company's desperate attempt to protect its properties from nationalization, however justifiable, seems only to have served to give Allende cover to do (and to do more cheaply) what he was going to do anyway: When in late February of this year he announced the cancellation of ITT's fifty-year concession, he merely formalized his 1971 seizure of Chiltelco—though with the popular support that didn't exist in 1971.

Yet it is still possible that all is not lost for ITT in Chile. Now that the ideological dust is settling, it appears that a year of nationalization has left Chiltelco in a bad way; and Allende has scanned the globe in vain for a tolerable substitute for ITT. Perhaps recalling, with some chagrin, Lenin's dictum that the revolution must take an occasional step backward, he has been softening a little toward both the U.S. and ITT itself. His ambassador here has recently met with Under Secretary of State Charles A. Meyer, in a quiet effort to defuse tensions between the two countries. And just before Christmas (and, by the way, just after his UN speech), he sent word to Benjamin Holmes that he was willing to give ITT an eight-year contract to manufacture telephone equipment for Chile. Sure, replied the huge international conglomerate—as soon as you compensate us. So far, at least, Allende has not responded to that.

That was where the matter rested before the Senate hearings began. It is unlikely that Allende's largely captive press will overlook the opportunity to milk today's Washington headlines for their ultimate propaganda potential. □

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LETTER FROM PARIS

That new Left coalition had nothing new, and not much particularly Left to offer, and so it lost. The real test of Gaullism, Mr. Mavrinac believes, will come with the presidential election of '76

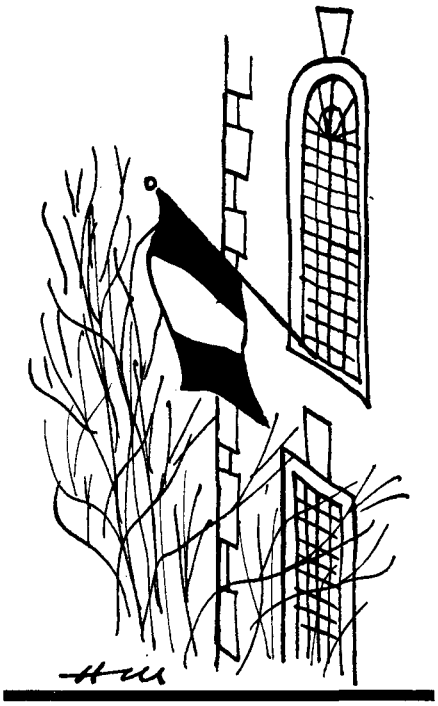
Looking toward 1976

ALBERT MAVRINAC

On the eve of the March 4 balloting for the French National Assembly, the publisher of the Paris daily, *Le Monde*, wrote a front-page editorial urging his readers to "take a chance" on the Socialists and vote, at least in the first Sunday's voting of the two-stage election, for the parliamentary candidates of the party that had allied itself with the Communists. Pronouncing the Socialist Party, for all its weaknesses, as still the party of "human values," Jacques Fauvet described the Left in France as the primary force for change in the society, and the Right as the still insensitive bastion of privilege, incapable of ordering the society to justice.

Le Monde is the voice of those French intellectuals, particularly the ones influenced by Emmanuel Mounier and other avant-garde Catholic thinkers of the 1920s and 1930s, who still chase the wartime vision of a France purified in the Resistance and realizing the fraternal cooperation prefigured by the 1936 Popular Front. That it should so support the Left is not surprising, nor is the fact that it was wrong both in its judgment of the Left and its expectations of how the voters would view the French political scene. Both errors provide perspective on what is happening in France today and on the difficulty many Frenchmen are having in reconciling themselves to what is happening.

Not only the results of the election after the run-offs on March 11, but even the voting on March 4, demonstrated that far fewer voters agreed with *Le Monde* than most commentators or the opinion polls had predicted. In retrospect the Unified Left's power had peaked at the massive hundred-thousand-person rally in Paris on



the evening of December 1. That rally of Communists, Socialists, and Radical Socialists had all the marks of a convivial family reunion of brothers once separated but now on speaking terms, rather than of a fighting force. It was a middle-class rally, and it could hardly have been anything else, in a society where three million foreign laborers do the dirty work and have no institutionalized voice in the political process. It was a rally of upward-bound technicians, nostalgic for the old days of a combative Left, regretful that political power was not in their hands, and yet not so disturbed at the changes taking place in French society that they saw themselves threatened.

Once again the Socialist and Radical Socialist strategy of allying with the Communists proved faulty. Before the Communists are entrusted by the French electorate with a role of national executive power they will have not only to modernize their thinking to appeal to a younger generation of Maoists from both the Old Right and the Old Left, but provide that "round-trip ticket" guaranteeing free elections that French voters keep looking for. To top off the Left's problems, the Russians arranged a charming reception for President Pompidou in the Communist homeland in mid-January.

A Comfortable Majority

At the same time the "middle of the road" Mouvement Réformateur of Radical Socialist Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber (publisher of the weekly news-magazine *Express*) and of Jean Lecanuet, leader of the remnants of the old Christian Democratic tradition of Marc Sangnier and of the MRP, split apart as anticipated. It had no operationally workable program to offer the voters, and in the crunch between the two ballotings, Servan-Schreiber opted to swing his forces to the Socialists, and Lecanuet, after a meeting with Gaullist Prime Minister Messmer, delivered his to the government coalition.

While the Gaullists no longer have a crushing majority of legislative seats, they still have a comfortable absolute majority. Each of the electoral organizations on which opponents of the government had pinned their hopes proved an illusion. The reasons for this seem as simple now as they did prior to the election. First, the old categories of Left and Right, Progress and Reac-

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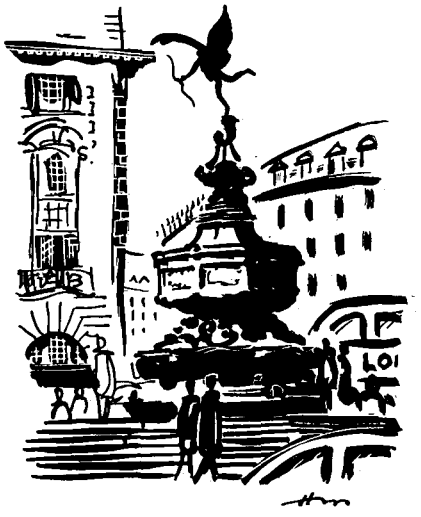
tion, Liberal and Conservative, mean nothing anymore in a France experiencing the most extensive internal population displacements in its history, modernizing its whole commercial and industrial organization, and rationalizing its administrative structure in general. The uprooting of hundreds of thousands of peasants, and their passage into industry in the new regional complexes growing up around Paris, down the valley of the Seine to Normandy, in the southwest, and in the east; the suburbanization of the Paris population; the disappearance of the small, family-owned and -managed enterprises in favor of modern giants run by men trained in Harvard Business School techniques adapted to France—all these have produced a sense of the frontier as strong as can exist in a society that has highly internalized controls, and have brought a turning away from old ideologies and, increasingly, an outlook on politics that is pragmatic and focused on prudent change.

Second, the primary arena of politics is more and more not Paris and the National Assembly, but the region and the big local town. What goes on in the National Assembly has to be complementary to what is taking place at the level of local control over capital investment patterns, over regional land use, and over the organized recruitment and orderly introduction of new industry and supporting services in a community. The test of a French politician today is not what he can do in the committees of the National Assembly, which have no input into major decisions, but his ability to deal with the technocrats of the senior levels of the French bureaucracy and with the new entrepreneurs bringing modern management ideas and modern investment techniques to the local level. The flow of capital is generally controlled within those national circles in which men like Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and his bright colleagues out of the elite Ecole Nationale d'Administration play a coordinating role. The impact of their decisions is regulated at the local level by a decentralized decision-making process including the French prefects and key local political and economic leaders.

Socialists and Communists have, on the whole, failed to adjust to modern planning and do not participate in the sophisticated operations through which change and growth are increasingly controlled in France. It requires a remarkable 1930s mentality to describe either Socialists or Communists as agents of change. Indeed, their primary electoral appeal is precisely to those in the society and to that part of everyone in the society uneasy with the pace of change, as controlled as that change is.

It is becoming increasingly difficult for anyone to be elected to the National Assembly who does not demonstrate something of a capacity to handle modern decision-making techniques and who does not project an image of responsible modernity tested in practical government experience. Nor is anybody likely to be elected who is not a continuing day-to-day leader in local government. The National Assembly remains particularly the preserve of the deputy who is simultaneously mayor of his home town.

Third, the planning process, in its formal and informal patterns, public and private, has caused power at the national level to move toward the President. Whatever the reason, the National Assembly, like all other major legislative bodies in the Western world, has failed to adapt its techniques to the



complex decision-making process of a France rapidly becoming Europe's major economic power. This is a commonsense perception of the French voter, who has indicated he is not going to risk the collapse of a delicate structure of decision-making by turning the National Assembly into a collection of gadflies harassing the government.

But, the voting on March 4 and 11 did restate the extensive unrest among middle-class Frenchmen over the carelessness and growing callousness of a political crowd now 15 years in power. The decline of the government's strength, even to that of a comfortable majority, is a warning that the Gaullists must find some way of providing for an alternation of leadership that will not threaten healthy growth. The voting was a special warning to President Georges Pompidou that he is in peril.

Yet, it is difficult to see how, over the next three years, Pompidou can change the tone of his government so that the image of diminishing vitality, of lack of concern for the common good that is the product of such errors as the Défense complex (see *NR*, March 2), and of the failure to make participatory government a reality in any meaningful sense for the ordinary man at the local level, and of the tragic neglect of the social conditions of foreign workers in France, will be transformed into something to which the French voter can relate.

Mitterand v. *Giscard d'Estaing*

The real test of Gaullism and the real challenge to the Gaullist conception of how to bring about a rejuvenated France that is still a stable, orderly, and sensitive society will come on the occasion of the next presidential election (scheduled for 1976). Socialist François Mitterand has known this all along, and he used the past campaign to good effect to develop his own image still further as a responsible political leader. And it is what the most able Gaullist of the younger generation Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, has known and been expressing in his attempt to project warmth to an electorate that respects his intelligence.

The student and factory-worker turbulence of May 1968 was a great watershed in Gaullist history. It represented an extreme statement of contemporary French concern for the need to re-evaluate old structures and old processes. It was a modern statement of the primacy of equality in French political values, as well as a biting reminder to the leadership of the middle class' concern for the professional future of their children in a rapidly changing commercial and political structure. The 1969 National Assembly elections represented a statement of French concern for order. The 1976 presidential election victory will go to the man who seems best to incarnate these two basic French ideals. □

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LETTER FROM CHILE

What Now?

NENA OSSA

On September 4, 1970, Marxist Salvador Allende became the President-elect of Chile by the narrow margin of 1 per cent. At 1:30 A.M.—less than ten hours after tabulating started—the final results were broadcast by the Ministry of the Interior. Two months later, those first estimates were confirmed by the Official Scrutiny Committee.

Last month's crucial parliamentary election results (opposition 54.7 per cent; government 43.3 per cent) were broadcast at 9:00 Monday night, 19 hours later. The delay alone is enough to make most Chileans (and some foreign correspondents) suspect the possibility of an organized fraud. Consider too that envelopes containing marked paper ballots—almost all favoring the opposition—were found lying about under bridges and in other strange places; that now, two weeks later, the local district totals are still not complete; that the early bulletins withheld the results from Santiago: and you must conclude that, government excuses notwithstanding, the manner in which the election was conducted leaves something to be desired.

Whether or not the elections were, in fact, fraudulent, the mere suspicion of fraud has created an air of uneasiness, and it may provoke young militants into organizing street demonstrations. But nothing can alter the fact that the number of people who voted for democracy is still too small to displace—or replace—President Allende and Marxism. By the time the Scrutiny Committee has given its final, and legal, verdict on May 14, the pro-government percentage may vary by one, two, or three points, may give or take a few deputies, or one or two senators, but there is no way the opposition can achieve the two-thirds majority required to impeach the president.

Two things are clear. The government's Marxist-Leninist tilt is more pronounced than ever before. The opposition must now prepare itself for a long, slow defensive war by attrition in which new strategies and all means at hand are deployed to fight Allende's assault on constitutional freedoms. Whatever happens as the battle continues, the armed forces will have the last word. Only formal congressional resolutions would move the army against the present government. General Carlos Prats, in his dual role as Minister of the Interior and Commander in Chief of the Armed Forecs, has stated that he will ignore political pressure, and keep the army neutral in the present crisis as the constitution demands. " . . . Our place in the government is strictly technical," he said on TV a week before the elections. What matters most to Chileans is the critical economic state of the country, and that, in the final analysis, will decide who is on what side and whether or not the government can carry on its Marxist program without a dictatorship. Immediately before the elections, Dr. Allende reiterated that whatever the ballot results, his government would carry out its admitted goal of the complete socialization of Chile. And immediately following the elections his Socialist Party declared: "The Chilean people have won another battle, but not yet won the war. The reactionaries and imperialists have failed this time, but they live on. . . ." Such statements mean only one thing: The Socialists do not plan to tolerate any resistance to government takeovers. What will happen, though, when even those voters who supported Allende become aware of the magnitude of our bankrupt economy and begin to lay the blame where it belongs?

On March 1 *El Mercurio*, Chile's most influential daily newspaper, published a confidential report by MAPU (a left-wing faction that supported the government) that instantly became a sort of catechism of Allende's failures past, present, and future. Among its many disclosures are the facts: By January 3 of this year the nation's supply of foreign currency had been exhausted; Allende's November world tour assured him of only enough money to keep Chile afloat until April; in 1973 agricultural production will diminish by 20 per cent, industrial production by 10 per cent, and the mining industry will all but stagnate. The MAPU memo predicted that these facts, coupled with the growing shortages, with galloping inflation—some say it will reach 500 per cent this year—and with a probable increase in unemployment, might lead Chile to complete bankruptcy by April or May. Publication of the document of course enraged the Socialist Party.

Some observers suspected, however, that the whole thing might be a Communist Party maneuver to seduce the Christian Democratic Party into a "center" line of action, that is, keeping Allende as President, adding more military men to the cabinet, and putting a few CD sympathizers in key posts. Most Christian Democrats disclaim that interpretation—naturally. Still, it's an interesting thesis: a plan that would soothe increasing military unrest, that might help to bring back American credits and to pave the way for renegotiation of Chile's foreign debt, up to and including compensation for the expropriated copper mines. In the view of the extreme Left, of course, such an agreement is too high a price to pay, and their truculence simply adds to the frictions in Allende's Popular Unity.

On the opposition front, the National Party (now the second strongest political party in Chile, next to the CD) would reject such a compromise, as would the independents who well recall that Eduardo Frei's 1964-1970 center-left government, which flirted with Marxists, contributed mightily to Allende's victory in 1970. The Nationalists insist that the CD remain a part of the democratic coalition and make no deals with the government; yet even the Nationalists have to admit that Christian Democratic candidates played a big part in holding down Allende's votes and that the CD working alone, outside of the opposition front, might be more effective at slowing the Marxist takeover. All is conjecture right now in Chile; reality is the endless *colas*, where all men are equal and all men stand for hours, through the night sometimes, to buy eggs, to buy tires, to buy thread or toilet paper. Chileans are weary; Chileans want change, but obviously, as the elections showed, not quite strongly enough. □

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AUSTRALIA'S HUNDRED DAYS

Mr. Whitlam's New Politics

HIRAM CATON

THAT remarkable flurry of activity in Canberra is the Whitlam cabinet certifying to one and all that Australia has elected not merely a new government, but, as it were, a new regime. Its features are still inchoate, hovering as it does between what is desirable and what is possible at the moment.

But let us begin with the commanding political reality—Labor's seizure of political initiative from the Liberal-Country Party coalition. The previous government had grown sluggish, timid, and leaderless after 23 years in power. Unable to grasp the flow of public opinion and the substance of various changes, it tended to adopt a low-profile, defensive posture of compromise on issues lest they disturb its precarious parliamentary majority. In short, the Liberals were progressively less able to keep pace with the liberal tendencies they had introduced into Australian politics. This is due partly to the willingness of the Liberals to define their position in relation to the somewhat radical and fragmented Labor Party. They might have continued to benefit from this state of affairs, except that two years ago Labor found, in Mr. Whitlam, a leader to unify the party and bring its policies and pronouncements in line with majority opinion. He deftly rejuvenated his party by co-opting liberalism from the Liberals.

The flood of orders that issued from Gough Whitlam's office almost from the moment Labor assumed the government was designed to produce the impression of massive changes. But most of them, taken individually, are marginal; taken all together, they add up to vigor in government. Virtually all were presented to the electorate during the campaign as part of the well-conceived Labor platform. The strategy was to smoke out every law and regulation, however insignificant, that required updating or modification, and to announce a policy on it. In the first days of his term, Mr. Whitlam simply cashed in all these promissory notes.

So Labor made hay while the Liberals dallied. This is especially true of the recent maneuvers in foreign affairs. Britain's entry into the EEC and President Nixon's new attitude toward Japan and China required corresponding shifts in Australia's foreign policy, but the Liberals marched on as if these new circumstances had never occurred.

It is worth examining some of the minor innovations as microscopic specimens in order to show how Labor managed to seize the political initiative. Australia is notorious for its "male chauvinism," but the women's lobby was no less adamant here than elsewhere, and probably much better organized. Radical proposals were shunned by all parties, but opinion in the Labor Party is considerably more sympathetic to this issue than it is in the Liberal Party. It was ridiculously easy for Labor to attract the support of this group without seriously alienating the general public. Whitlam extended maternity leaves for Commonwealth employees; his government will repeal an excise tax on contraceptives, and make oral contraceptives available without a prescription. Hardly revolutionary, yet the Liberals ducked this issue in the campaign because some significant portions of their constituency opposed the repeal of the contraceptives law. On the other hand, Labor is committed to a gradual increase of "women's rights," which will sooner or later bring them into collision with majority opinion, or produce party divisions.

ANOTHER trifling matter with larger implications is the announcement that mention of the Queen will be omitted from the pledge of allegiance. During the election campaign, some second-level Labor politicians floated, as a trial balloon, the idea that Australia terminate its political subordination to the Queen and become a republic. What has actually taken place is rather different. The new Attorney General, Lionel Murphy, repudiated republicanism, but has negotiated with London for the abolition of appeals to the Privy Council, removal of the residual capacity of the British Parliament to make law for Australia, and abolition of some legal anachronisms. The kaleidoscopic motives surrounding this question are too subtle and various for easy description. Australia was born into a love-hate relation with Britain because so many of the first settlers were transported felons and debtors, many of them Irish in the bargain. On the other hand, its institutions, learning, trade, and defense are, or were until recently, British. Like a younger, weaker brother, it has looked to Britain with a mixture of love, respect, and contempt.

But various British initiatives, especially its entry into the EEC, together with the growing importance of both Japan and the United States to the Australian economy, and other changes of this kind, have forced Australians to reconsider the old relationships.

Liberal Prime Ministers Gorton and McMahon encouraged Australians to submit designs for a new flag and to suggest a new national anthem. Mr. Whitlam toys with republicanism, I suspect, for substantial political reasons. Merely having people discuss the matter, in the present political context, helps to open the Australian's mind to a changed sense of national identity that Mr. Whitlam needs to introduce as one of the important building blocks of his "new regime." Furthermore, if the public responds to the republican idea—and as yet it has not—the constitution would require amendment, which would present the opportunity to increase the powers of the federal government. The present encumbrances on federal legislation, Mr. Whitlam has repeatedly stated, are a major obstacle to the developmental schemes and welfare programs that he and his party think are necessary.

There is nothing in the tea leaves to indicate that Labor will have its way in the foreseeable future. Even if it controlled all the state governments, which it does not, the constitutional and institutional obstacles to such a plan are enormous. The pattern of domestic politics vests power in the state governments, each of which is based upon a metropolis surrounded by vast stretches

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of land. Canberra, like Washington, is an artificial city, often viewed by the average voter as a privileged, sometimes arrogant, rival to his own local interests. He may be wooed and won to specific federal programs, but he shows no enthusiasm for strengthening the federal government at the expense of his state government. Barring some major upheaval, Labor will have to be content with a gradual gravitation of power toward Canberra.

THE NEW government's foreign policy is another example of an ideological position, appropriately tempered, becoming viable because of changing conditions. In the past decade, the despised enemy of the last war, Japan, has engulfed Australia and nearly everyone else in Southeast Asia in a network of trade and investment. The "co-prosperity sphere" that could not be instituted through conquest has been achieved under the aegis of a *pax Americana*. Nixon's China initiative legitimized in advance Labor's recognition of China and Hanoi; more precisely, it discredited anti-Communism as a foundation of policy. (This was the lesson the Liberals could not assimilate, but which Labor, for ideological reasons, had long since learned.) The U.S. is expected to lift its military shield, leaving China and Japan the dominant powers in the area. Such are the facts and expectations on which Mr. Whitlam's foreign policy is based.

The policy is not yet formed, and in the nature of the case cannot be, since it is contingent upon how a multitude of forces, now in flux, settle at last. But its direction is clear from recent actions and statements. Multilateral defense agreements, especially SEATO and ANZUK (Australia-New Zealand-United Kingdom), will be allowed to die quietly rather than be shot out of the water by ideological bombast, as some cabinet ministers would prefer. Both Mr. Whitlam and Mr. Norman Eric Kirk, the new Labor Prime Minister of New Zealand, have spoken disparagingly of SEATO (although both are more moderate than some U.S. senators). Pressure will doubtless be exerted in the Labor Party to deny America use of facilities it now enjoys under the SEATO agreement. It looks now as if the U.S. will be compelled to replace SEATO by a series of bilateral agreements.

Australia's largest commitment to ANZUK is in Singapore, from which the government recently withdrew all ground combat troops, comprising an infantry battalion and an artillery battery. It was a blow to Singapore and to Britain. A further blow came when, shortly after Lord Carrington's talks here on ANZUK, the government leaked the fact that among its logistic troops in Singapore was an electronic intelligence unit. The leak was widely interpreted as an attempt to embarrass the Singapore government and compel it to ask for the unit's withdrawal, as well as a signal for local politicians to demand the immediate withdrawal of all troops.

In addition to loosening defense ties with the U.S. and Britain, the new government has severed diplomatic (but not trade) relations with Taipei, and established relations with Peking and Hanoi. The declared object of these moves is to create more latitude for Australia in foreign policy and to de-emphasize the nation's reliance on military security. Such pronouncements are perhaps deliberately vague. The best guess is that Mr. Whitlam would like to build a political and defense system upon an economic and geographical base corresponding to Australia's present circumstances. His heavy courting of Indonesian President Suharto and of the Japanese indicates that he estimates these two nations the best candidates to form, with Australia, the backbone of a new multilateral agreement, which might emerge from ASEAN (Association of South-East Asian Nations), expanded to include Mainland China and to exclude the Nationalists, or from ASPAC (Asian and Pacific Council).

Factor *x* in the equation is Peking. No one knows what will happen *après* Mao, or what sort of links will eventually develop between Peking and Tokyo. If close ties were formed, the two countries would dominate the area, and that would be that. Mr. Whitlam has probably foreseen this eventuality, and will attempt to forestall it.

THE BARGAINING IN Peking, however, will lie under the constraint of President Suharto's mistrust of Chinese ambitions, for he keeps an eye on the dominos. Canberra is sanguine on this question, and can be expected to argue that China has indicated its opposition to domination of Indochina by Hanoi. It is also argued that the vast sums the Japanese are willing to pour into the recovery of Vietnam and into commercial development of Indochina will serve both to restrain Hanoi and to stabilize the area through agreements with Peking, Tokyo, and Washington. Suharto could respond that the fighting has not stopped, that Japan has not yet committed any funds, and that Mao's successor is unknown. Such is the speculative fog through which Mr. Whitlam is navigating. And at the moment it is necessary to politic on the basis of the best guess. The danger is that Whitlam might rely too heavily upon high hopes and find his policy beached.

Mr. Whitlam's new politics amount to an attempted rapid lurch forward along well-traveled roads in domestic politics and a new path in foreign affairs, but one that would have eventually forced itself on any Australian government. The regional orientation of foreign policy implies a corresponding shift in national identity away

(Continues on page 433)

Lines . . .

. . . on seeing a poet join a birth-control clinic committee.

When Pindar sang
And Homer played
The wiser lads
Were getting laid.

And showed no lust
For strumpet Fame
But took their pleasure
As it came.

And if they thought,
"Posterity,"
It was something they
Would help make be,

And not a mystic
Audience
Wooed with prosodic
Prescience.

So poet please
Do not traduce
The genial folks
Who will produce
Readers to put your
Poems to use.

HERBERT A. KENNY

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On Learning To Read

PARENTS beyond number complain to me that their children aren't learning to read properly in school—and those parents are right. Although it has been nearly a quarter of a century since Rudolf Flesch's *Why Johnny Can't Read* was written, and although several other good books on reading have had considerable circulation, still the majority of American children are not taught reading by the phonetic method.

True, systems of phonics have made headway: But the "look-say" method remains entrenched in most schools; so does the dreary Dick-and-Jane type of basic reader. For one thing, the indolence of university and college departments of education, the inadequate instruction of teachers who teach reading, and the stodginess of many school administrators combine to discourage reading reform. For another, educational publishing companies, for the most part, are set in their ways, and make only gestures toward improvement.

The phonetic method is the only sound way to impart the art of reading. Accept no substitutes: Don't split the difference and settle for some hybrid of phonics-cum-look-say—a bastard product now offered by several publishers. If your child is not introduced to phonics, he never will read competently.

It costs no more to teach by the phonetic method than it does by any other: All that is required is a sound start, including preparation of the classroom teachers. And it is no harder to teach phonics than to teach look-say: In the long run, indeed, it is much easier.

Materials for making young people literate through the phonetic method are readily available nowadays. The important firms of Lippincott and Open Court, and some smaller educational publishers, have sound basic readers on the market, and are prepared to instruct teachers how to use such books on phonetic principles. Moreover, it is possible to improve reading skills mightily and in short order, even using just any old reader—if one takes advantage of phonetic instructional systems that have been devised in recent years.

One of the most successful of these systems is the accomplishment of Mr. Edward O. Vail, formerly assistant superintendent of the Los Angeles school system, and now President of Integrative Learning Systems, Inc. (326 W. Chevy Chase Drive, No. 11, Glendale, California). "Formula Phonics Video-Tape Reading Programs" is the title of Mr. Vail's system.

Through a series of admirably produced video-tapes, with accompanying manuals for teachers (including an impressive new "Formula Phonics Spelling Book" got up by Mrs. Vail), Integrative Learning Systems can instruct both teachers and pupils.

ANY LITERATE person can become a teacher of phonics, through the Vail method; one doesn't need years of classroom instruction in elementary education. What's more, reading can be taught within any school discipline—science, history, what you will—by the teachers of that subject; or the program can be applied to whatever basic readers already are used by the school; or it works equally well with whatever materials the students desire to read.

The Vail video-tape phonics program commenced chiefly as a means for teaching "minority" and "ethnic group" children to read—both Negroes and "Spanish surname" pupils. It succeeded well; indeed, Formula Phonics can be applied simultaneously to two or more languages.

But more recently Formula Phonics has made its way into "middle income" schools with "Anglo" pupils—schools in which median reading aptitude already was equal to average reading performance in Los Angeles County schools as a whole. In these schools, Formula Phonics markedly improves performance—suggesting that, as Mr. Vail remarks, we have long been teaching the typical pupil much less than we were able to teach him. In one of these "middle income," "majority" schools, "testing in May 1971 showed that in the seven-month period which started in November 1970 sixth-grade pupils at S 2 had shown a median growth of 17 months in reading vocabulary, 23 months in reading comprehension, and 20 months in total reading." Improvement among fourth-grade pupils was similarly startling.

Go thou and do likewise, friends, whether with Mr. Vail's techniques or someone else's. My eldest daughter, Monica, now is five years of age, and eager to learn to read: The beautiful Annette, my spouse, has just begun to teach Monica. By a special providence, at this juncture there came into our hands a simple and efficacious kit for phonics instruction got up by Sister Monica Foltzer, principal of a small junior high school: "Professor Phonics." This consists of two compact paperbound books—a reader and a manual of instruction—and some flash-cards; it can be obtained from St. Ursula Academy, 1339 E. McMillan Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sister Monica encourages children to make up their own readers, with their own illustrations, on her phonetic principles. Our own Monica began to apprehend "Professor Phonics" after an hour or two of amateur teaching by Annette.

Sister Monica Foltzer, who often teaches intensive phonics at special institutes, will be an eminent participant in the doings of the Reading Reform Foundation, on May 4 and 5. For that Foundation will hold its annual conference on those days in Cleveland. One of the principal speakers will be Professor Arther Trace, the author of *What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't* and of *Reading without Dick and Jane*; also Dr. Kirk, your servant, will offer some desultory observations. Anyone is welcome to attend. For details, write to the Reading Reform Foundation, 36 West 44th Street, New York City.

Say not the struggle naught availeth. If we persist in the cause of literacy, some day literacy may wash into teachers' colleges and state departments of public instruction—nay (though perhaps I grow too sanguine), even into the office of the federal commissioner of education. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Detectives—II

Warm puffs breathe out. Door after door the intimate, particular heat of a family flushes my cold face. I am made bashful. Apartment smells: personal as a broken slipper heel under the bed. "Open up. Police." Men stand in undershorts, hunched against a jamb, one hand fig-leafing placket; women efface their curlers. The children make a low entrance past nightgown scrims. "Have you seen the little girl, Daisy? Seven years old. Lives across the street. Missing since this afternoon." I get a diagonal glimpse into living rooms. The South Bronx, a superstar ghetto, but making it without the press-agentry of Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant. I see capitulation in the living rooms; yet, here and there, resistance. I remember one ceiling that is knitted, warp/woof, a thousand-thousand strings, each colored, each painstakingly interwoven: a mesh size so small it excludes defeat.

Up the stairs: five apartments per floor, six floors. I ask Detective Muller, "Just like being a patrolman again?" Muller shakes his head. "A patrolman would know everyone in the neighborhood. We specialize too much." A ten-year-old Spanish boy has been deputized: up past his bedtime, inflated with this semi-official business. He knocks heavily, a sudden KGB man. Name, address, useless remarks that gain a specious something in translation. We need the boy. Muller knows Spanish, but it doesn't help much. Speak a few words and they presume great fluency, become garrulous, incomprehensible. A sound truck lectures the street. We cross a darkened roof. Acrophobia doubles me over: I duck-walk, recentering my center of gravity. Down another six floors, five apartments per floor. We lance the stinking basement with flashlights. Muck takes off the shoes; chthonic steam sounds hush us. I suppose pre-teen corpses in each slump of old newspapers. Nothing. And the search spirals out from its headquarters in Daisy's apartment, out with no limit like some windless anticyclone through the Bronx.

Twelve o'clock: Another shift comes on. We head back to Ninth Robbery Division. Muller has lost half a night's

work—the South Bronx is Eighth Division. He muses for me: "A black expects the worst from you. A Puerto Rican expects fair play. He has a better legal tradition. He's also more likely to try a bribe." And Daisy? Thirty men all night on a house-to-house search. She was staying with her grandma. Grandma wouldn't blow her cover when the police called: afraid Daisy would get a spanking.

Detective Silverman blurts into Division, skidding. He walks headlong; there is an implicit, acrid scent of overheated brakeshoes around him. He winks at Muller. "Should have stayed with me. That's where the action is." A boy waits just behind him. Not older than 16, I judge: black, cute, and solemn. I begin to shake hands. I've been shaking hands all night. But the boy has no hands. And I understand that Detective Silverman, impresario of Bronx justice, has made a collar. I say, "Silky. You shouldn't have." But Detective Silverman has already moved to another room. I look at the collar, Thomas. Big purple/black saddle shoes that make his feet a pedestal; white turtleneck; sweeping fin de siecle overcoat. A plastic white rain hat rings the grizzly bark of his Afro. Handcuffs behind his back give Thomas a flightless bird's pensive reserve: emu or cassowary. He ducks his head, bird-like, glaring a single upshifted eye at me. It is reproachful.

And my eye apologizes. For me. For NATIONAL REVIEW. I sense that Silverman has arranged this collar to order. And Thomas must suspect: He's street-wise enough. He knows I'm too short for a cop; hell, I couldn't make the force in Lilliput. It's Silverman's night off. If I weren't here, maybe Silky would have stayed home to watch the Late Show. Our eyes meet. I'm Thomas' nondescript, stocky doom: no hard feelings. He's dressed for a Friday night out. I can't visualize Thomas' night out: a bar, perhaps a bed. There is time for a last, long night's intimacy. Has he stood someone up on my account? Silverman walks Thomas aside. I've blown half a weekend for him.

Silverman has Thomas on possession of heroin. Thomas pleads age: too little of it. Says he's 16, a juvenile court case. I believe Thomas. I mean there is such, man, credibility in him, man. A pained mouth, Chapstick-sore with the injustice of things; a darker pigment under the eye that seems inbuilt tear-duct sewerage. Silverman guesses 18: They parry. Muller is impatient. He rings up Juvenile Records. Thomas weighs in at 22 with previous convictions for larceny, drugs, and, in one irritable moment, a stabbing. The pained mouth is differently pained. I am saddened for Muller and Silverman: Cohabiting with violence is one thing but the dank procession of liars is quite another. Disgust comes with the franchise, an occupational hazard. And at home do they read too fluently the same gestures and signals: in wife, in child, in neighbor? How do you, seeing through everyone, find enough opaqueness to survive a day?

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They book Thomas. The phrase is apt: a novella's worth of forms. It takes two men, two typewriters, one hour. Muller has just disposed of another hour recording each name, address, useless translation in the many-linked Daisy chain. Silverman says, "You've got to move fast. Three men on a stick-up, but if we collar one it takes us all this time to book him. By then, the others are gone. A clerk could do all the paperwork and quicker than we can." New forms, invented by the form department, proliferate side by side on the wall: segments of a tapeworm. Three A.M. Muller wants to go home. He's been off duty since one and lives sixty miles upstate. Thomas is bored, this is cruel and unusual punishment. But Silverman bullies Muller good-naturedly, just this blue form, try a green one . . . Silverman lives up the block, maybe he lives on the unpleasant posture-restructuring Division chaise longue. Detective Muller drops me off at 4:30 A.M.

MULLER is just a few years away from retirement: But he can't risk it. "A detective retires after twenty years. I've seen it happen again and again. Two, three years, and he drops dead." The metabolism gears into high. It can't readjust. Anyway he relishes the work, what small time bureaucracy will allocate for it. Muller and Silverman won't make the next Knapp Commission telethon on corruption in the police department. But just consider, for one illiberal moment, a countertelethon for good cops. The Knapp Commission couldn't fill its equal time. Not even with summer reruns. □

THEATER

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

The Merchant of Narcissus

Harley Granville-Barker once described *The Merchant of Venice* as "a fairy tale"; his point had nothing to do with homosexuality. But Ellis Rabb, preferring his own talent to Shakespeare's, decided to make homosexuality the chief point of his chic production of the play (currently at Lincoln Center). Like the dollar, Shakespeare is now devalued, his plays afloat on the day-to-day market, having only the value that now this bright director, now that dark European critic attaches to them. I found it morally repugnant to be asked to consider homosexual love between Antonio and Bassanio a noble alternative to a world of avarice and indolence. But more offensive than the perversion is the sheer perverseness of Rabb's contorted reading of the play.

Imagine a Portia who, in the trial scene, must strain to see to it that any mercy is done to Antonio because he is, after all, her fiancé's former lover, and you have an idea of the results of Rabb's creation of a triangle out of Portia, Bassanio, and Antonio. Bassanio, you'll remember, is the young man who seeks funds of the merchant Antonio to try for Portia's hand. "To you, Antonio, I owe the most, in money and in love," says Bassanio. "Aha!" says clever, urbane Ellis Rabb—and here we are in Visconti's Venice: tanned Adonises in sunglasses, white slacks, and limp silk shirts, lolling in the sun taking photographs of each other. I never did understand what led Rabb's Bassanio to select the casket of humble lead and win Portia, when he could have had the one with the mirror in it.

Portia, pointedly older than her blond young suitor, is in her Roman spring, in the late bloom of which she is trying to make a husband out of Antonio's lover. And she has reason to to worry. In her disguise as the lawyer in the trial scene, she sees her Bassanio throw himself passionately at Antonio's feet, clutching his thigh, saying, "Life itself, my wife, and all the world are not with me esteemed above thy life." I thought she might assist Shylock with the surgery, but no. The director stays to the text. Don't ask me why.

Many of his superimpositions flashed instant triteness and superficiality: the houselights up and actors in the audience for the trial scene; a Mardi Gras clip out of *Jesus Christ Superstar* in which a bare-breasted Jessica is hoisted toward a huge cross by the other revelers; grainy black-and-white projection left over from a bad print of *La Dolce Vita*; and the soundtrack from a later late movie, played at the end of the play when Antonio is left alone with his trench coat as the heterosexual lovers go off to bed.

Predictably, the production was humorless (except when the audience insisted on enjoying Shakespeare's obstinate plot), even to the extent of cutting Old Gobbo completely. Shylock was, I presume, to gain in dignity by contrast to the hedonistic Christians; Shakespeare suggests this and many directors before Rabb have exploited it to make the Jew more sympathetic. But Sydney Walker's was a well-mannered, overly measured, unadventurous Shylock whose "Jewish gabardine" was a grey pin-striped suit with doeskin gloves, homburg, and black umbrella. No offense in the world. It made one miss the meticulous, ethnic mannerisms of Emrys James's Shylock, small but savage, in the recent Royal Shakespeare Company production in London. All this is not to build a shrine around Shakespeare; one simply does not expect bad artistic judgment of such monumental proportions from a man of Rabb's experience.

BRIEFLY. Thank you Volkswagen for the opportunity to view the National Theatre of Great Britain's production of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*. Ronald Pickup made the young Edmund strong and thoughtful, rather than a pretty-boy stage poet who coughs a lot. Constance Cummings drew us with her into Mary Tyrone's drugged, euphoric reveries (though "dope fiend" has lost some of its strange horror of late, hasn't it?). And Olivier. Olivier, Olivier. Lord Olivier. This calculating, fascinating man who knows more than any actor alive what great acting *looks* like, and has cared more about reaching it. But his James Tyrone was more a Victorian Bumble with a background of piteous Irish poverty, than the selfish, ego-centered poseur who subjected his wife to a life in theatrical hotels while he created the Count of Monte Cristo. A handsome, rugged actor was miscast in the role of James, the cynical, self-hating older brother. The ultimate result of the production was a weaker play about the small tragedy of Mary Tyrone, with no grandeur suggested for the sufferings of each and all of the haunted Tyrones (Next year, ABC is bringing us Olivier's Shylock.)

The River Niger, produced by the excellent Negro Ensemble Company, has moved to Broadway. Joseph A. Walker's play about a black family is full of life and compassion. It was,

Next issue . . . **D. Keith Mano** *applies to become a monk.*

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when I saw it three months ago off-Broadway, undisciplined, swollen, almost beyond form, with every thought and melodramatic plot that ever came into the writer's head, to say nothing of unnecessary quantities of vulgar language. There are several extremely fine performances. Douglas Turner Ward portrays the father, a poet-dreamer; *The River Niger* is his poem-dream.

I am the river Niger—hear my waters!
I gossip with the crocodile
And rub elbows with the river horse
I have swapped morbid jokes with the hyena
And heard his dry cackle at twilight.

But around such lines and the good characters Walker has created, there is much indiscriminate sound. It remains to be seen if Walker can turn his characters from melodramatic, external battles toward the more demanding quests of self-knowledge. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

The Winners

Before I announce the winners of the Fourth Annual Delectations Contest, as chosen by your incorruptible judges (not that anybody ever tried to corrupt us, but it sounds good), I wish to thank all those nice people who wrote me such kind words. I am indeed touched.

The contest consisted in matching three things—a movie, a piece of writing, and a song—to a person. This had to be done for three notables. First Prize goes to Miss Gail E. Dow of Brooklyn, N.Y. She receives *The American Cookbook* by James Beard for these entries:

DANIEL ELLSBERG
Movie: *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?*
Writing: "The Purloined Letter"
Song: "Don't Fence Me In"

SARGENT SHRIVER
Movie: *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*
Writing: *What Do You Say after You Say Hello?*
Song: "Show Me the Way To Go Home"

THOMAS EAGLETON
Movie: *Pardon My Past*
Writing: *I'm OK—You're OK*
Song: "Don't Blame Me"

Miss Dow is one of the several contestants who sent in more entries than needed, all of them good.

Second Prize, a coffee mug, goes to a contestant with no visible sex, namely G. E. Butler of Pomfret Center, Conn. These are the entries:

HENRY KISSINGER
Movie: *The French Connection*
Writing: *Moby Dick*
Song: "I Could Have Danced All Night"

NGUYEN VAN THIEU
Movie: *A Farewell to Arms*
Writing: *Mein Kampf*
Song: "The Stars and Stripes Forever"

GEORGE MCGOVERN
Movie: *Strange Interlude*
Writing: *Great Expectations*
Song: "Taps"

Third Prize, *Economics in One Lesson* by Henry Hazlitt, goes to Murray N. Rothbard of New York City:

AYN RAND
Movie: *The Importance of Being Earnest*
Writing: "Il Penseroso"
Song: *The Messiah*

GEORGE MCGOVERN
Movie: *Man of La Mancha*
Writing: *You Can't Go Home Again*
Song: "Fools Rush In"

CHARLES REICH
Movie: *How Green Was My Valley*
Writing: "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love"
Song: "Anything Goes"

The Booby Prize is just as ineffable as the entries of Kenneth Glenn Koons of Long Beach, Calif. The prize consists of the *Rod McKuen 1973 Calendar and Datebook*, a thing of beauty, for the following horrors:

ST. FRANCIS
(he of the Franciscan order)
Movie: *Duck Soup*
Writing: *Bye-Bye Birdie*
Song: "Bless the Beasts and Children"

JULIUS CAESAR
(of Roman fame)
Movie: *Roman Holiday*
Writing: *The Godfather*
Song: *Roman Festivals*

GROUCHO MARX
(of comedy fame)
Movie: *PT 109*
Writing: *The Jewish Mystique*
Song: "Animal Crackers in My [Duck] Soup"

The judges thank Mr. Koons for explaining the personalities. None of us knew, and it was indeed kind of him to tell us.

Before I get to the contestants with single or double good entries, I wish to congratulate all those who entered for their neatness and orderliness. This was so in past years, and surely there must be a lesson in it, though I don't know what lesson.

The most frequently named personalities were Kissinger, McGovern, Lindsay, Teddy Kennedy, and Thomas Eagleton. How I wish many contestants had not indulged in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" as Henry's song. He really doesn't deserve it. Pfui. And as for you, W. H. von Dreele, you don't have to prove to us that you have a pretty wit. It isn't fair.

Edward Langley of New York City deserves a prize for effort. He produced six different sets of entries of related personalities and, among these, several good ones. Since the entries were dispersed, they did not qualify for a regular prize. But he shall have, from me, that English classic *The Young Visitors* by Daisy Ashford. His best-liked entries were: John Lindsay—movie: *Town without Pity*; writing: *The Making of the President*; and song: "Get Out of Town." Ron Ziegler—movie: *The Horn Blows at Midnight*; writing: *Stop Me If You've Heard This One*; and song: "It Ain't Necessarily So."

GOOD SINGLE entries in the usual order came from Patricia Mudd Fisher of Reno, Nev. (Jackie O: *How To Marry a Millionaire*; *Super Money*; "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend"); Margery D. Farrell, Watchung, N.J. (David Susskind: *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*, *Pride and Prejudice*, "Pomp and Circumstance"); Lt. J.G. David M. Williams, San Diego, Calif. (George McGovern: *The Ten Commandments*, *Comedy of Errors*, "Home on the Range"); John and Penny Wheeler, Los Angeles, Calif. (Paul McCloskey: *A Farewell to Arms*, *Suicide of the West*, "I Surrender, Dear"); David Shaw, Austin, Tex. (Alger Hiss: *The Awful Truth*, *Communist America—Must It Be?*, "They'll Never Believe Me"); and finally, Linda Chase, Las Vegas, Nev. (Richard Nixon: *Deliverance*, *Call Me Coach*, "You've Come a Long Way, Baby").

Thanks to everybody, and see you in next year's Delectations Contest. □

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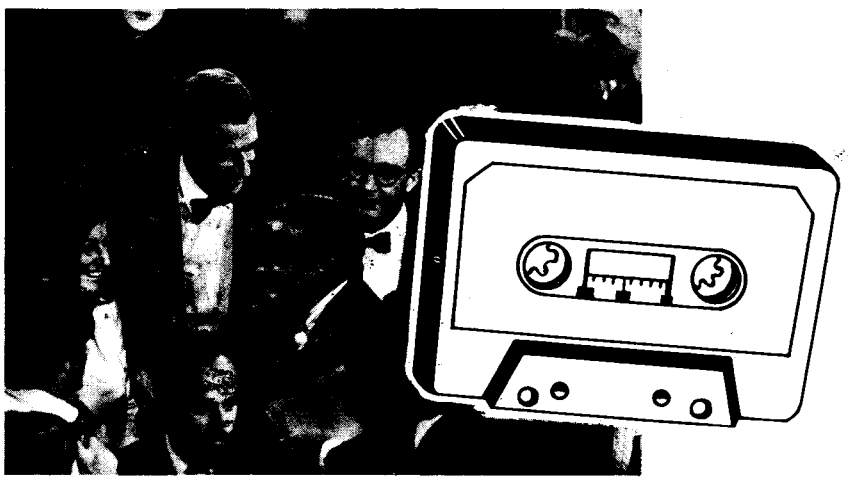
YES!

Send me a FREE 60-minute cassette recording of the famous debate between William F. Buckley Jr. and J. K. Galbraith!



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BOOKS

Economist as Entomologist

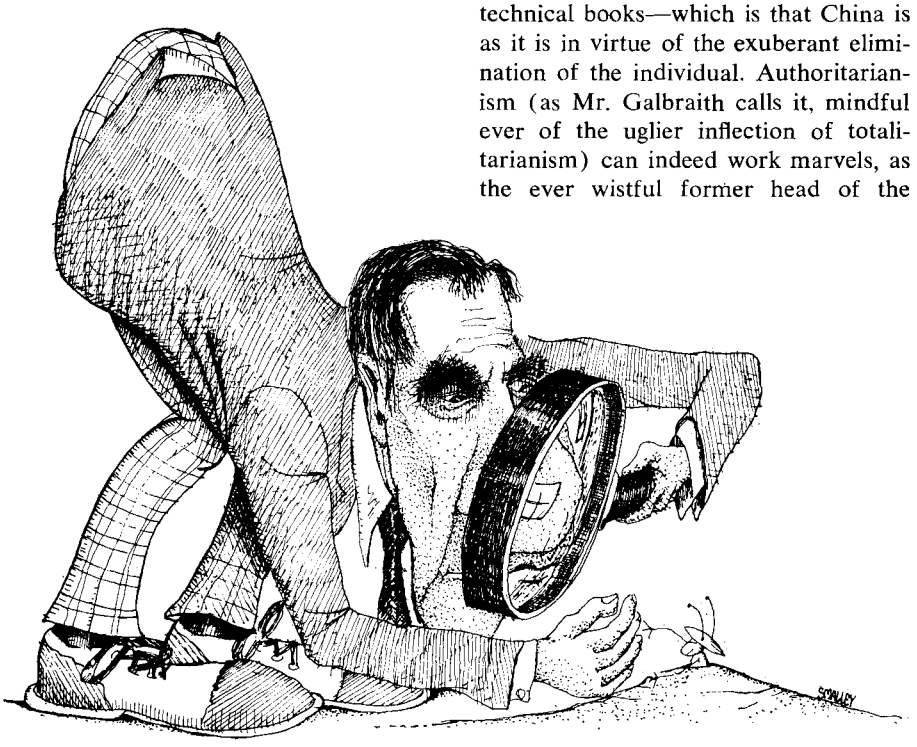
WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A China Passage
By John Kenneth Galbraith
Houghton, 123 pp., $5.95

There is only one thing John Kenneth Galbraith found in China that truly disturbed him. Goddammit, the Chinese smoke too many cigarettes, which are bad for the health. Beyond this nagging reservation, one has the feeling, after reading this easygoing little book, that Mr. Galbraith is reporting on the economic organization of an ant colony, and it is of no particular concern to him that very recently the big ants ate up or subdued tens of millions of little ants ("I am not especially well read on Chinese history" Mr. Galbraith says in the preface, and proceeds to write as if he had not heard about the Cultural Revolution). Oh well, ants will be ants.

The traces of skepticism Galbraith shows are temperamental, not iconoclastic. They are hardly intended to induce an organic or principled rejection in the reader of modern Chinese society, the most advanced totalitarian society in the world. "The retirement age is not completely clear: It is described at fifty for women and sixty for men at 70 per cent of the last pay. But apparently healthy workers can and are encouraged to continue in the labor force. *This, obviously, could mean many things.*" Or: "I doubt that Hsu Hong is a wholly typical commune. *There is a tendency in such matters to mislead.*" Galbraith would insinuate as much about the Democratic Platform of George McGovern, for whose election he worked so enthusiastically. A meiotic cynicism is a part of his literary and analytical style, and he takes it with him everywhere he goes. It is not here used subtly to impale Chinese society upon reality.

On the contrary, so routinely and unselfconsciously is the reader nudged away from any chance meditation on historical reality that the least nexus between modern China and the West is garlanded with ideological fancy. Thus, in Peking, Galbraith comes upon Frank Coe, "who supported my interpretation of the vegetable market." Frank Coe . . . A familiar ring, and he is briefly introduced as "a Treasury friend of New Deal days, expatriated by McCarthyism." What Professor Galbraith doesn't mean for us to recall is that when it transpired (Joe McCarthy had nothing to do with it) that Frank Coe had been a Communist agent, Coe elected to sneak out of the country and advance the revolution at Mao's side. Perhaps Mr. Galbraith will undertake a Russia Passage, on reading about which we will run the risk of: "I happened on Kim Philby, an old Foreign Office friend, who was expatriated by John Bullism." Mr. Galbraith observes merely that these are *happy* and well-fed ants, that a modus vivendi has been reached by which the powerful ants get what they want from the little ants with a kind of—let's call it *Oriental*—grace, and that way of doing things is altogether pleasing to a man of gentle disposition, who would rather know about problems of discipline only in the abstract. "(Dissidents [his, pained, parentheses] are brought firmly into line in China, but, one suspects, with great politeness.) It is a firmly authoritarian society in which those in charge smile and say please." On reading this book, Mao Tse-tung emerges as the Rector of Justin.



Whittaker Chambers wrote twenty years ago that the ways of the West and the ways of the Communists would one day melt together, "like two balls of wax into a single tallow." The job has already been done by our intellectuals, insofar as they trivialize the differences. This they have done most conspicuously in their reaction to Communist China. They neglect to make the main point—the only point, in nontechnical books—which is that China is as it is in virtue of the exuberant elimination of the individual. Authoritarianism (as Mr. Galbraith calls it, mindful ever of the uglier inflection of totalitarianism) can indeed work marvels, as the ever wistful former head of the

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Office of Price Administration discerns. "In any other country the difference between urban and rural incomes . . . would set in motion a large movement of people to the cities, and in China it once did. This is not now happening. The reason is straightforward. The Chinese are assigned to jobs and remain where they are assigned."

BUT WHAT about the vegetable market we slipped by, in our haste to arrive at Frank Coe? After all, Professor Galbraith is an economist, and although most of the book is composed of travelogue and impressions, charming and humorous and exquisitely readable, Mr. Galbraith is traveling to China with his two predecessor presidents of the American Economics Association, and tucked into the book is an account of how the Chinese economy actually works. Much that Mr. Galbraith says is extremely illuminating. But I treasure in particular what comes when the great economist has stripped for action, and becomes all-professional, like Charles Darwin whipping out his magnifying glass . . .

"While higher authority decides what prices are to be," says Professor Galbraith about the working of a municipal marketplace, "such authority is intelligently susceptible to suggestions as to when abundance requires reduction and scarcity an increase. The keeper of the apple stall, whom I consulted informally, told me that of course apples were reduced in price as the autumn advanced and the supply became more abundant." LEAPING LIZARDS! STOP THE PRESSES!! Reduce the price of apples when they are abundant, increase it when apples are scarce! So *that's* how they do it, in the inscrutable, revolutionary People's Republic of China! Score another Thought for Chairman Mao.

Granted, Higher Authority isn't always finely tuned to the vagaries of nature, and harvest yields, and fluctuating tastes, and reallocations of still Higher Authority, and when the Highest Authority makes wrong decisions, well —"[Professor] Tobin [a traveling companion of Mr. Galbraith] observes that there are no dogs or cats in China. The reason is presumably economic; if food has been scarce and rationed, affection for a participating pet must diminish. This seems especially probable if the pet is itself edible."

But let me tell you something, professor. The reason for eating one's pet *isn't* economic. It is biological. And it is to such biological extremes that the ants are driven by Higher Authority—routinely, as they accept their lot. And when the Higher Authority, putting the mantle of the marketplace upon itself, makes miscalculations so serious that not even Great Politeness serves to bring dissidents into line, why then the muzzle of a gun becomes the only relevant article in the marketplace, and the supply of guns in China *never* fluctuates with the seasons.

But by that time Mr. Galbraith has finished his brief passage in China, and is back in America, preaching the anachronism of the free marketplace and the price system, and dealing with his own dissidents, not *always* with great politeness. □

The Fellow-Travellers: A Postscript to the Enlightenment
By David Caute
Macmillan, 233 pp., $8.95

A HISTORY OF GRIM FRIVOLITIES

FERDINAND MOUNT

The shelves creaked under the weight of the fat green volumes. In fact they had overflowed the shelves and some leaned tipsily along the floor. What, I wondered, could they be, these uniform tomes once so hungrily purchased, now so uniformly discarded in the dusty back room of a second-hand bookshop in Tunbridge Wells, the genteel spa of the Garden of England? Dickens? Ouspensky? A complete run of *The Gentleman's Magazine*? No, it was *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?* by Sidney and Beatrice Webb —or, if you got the second edition, ditto without the question mark. The dropping of the question mark encapsulates the heartsearchings of a generation of Western liberals. David Caute records the dropping and much else besides. There are a few errors of fact and the book has misprints like some people have measles. But in general *The Fellow-Travellers* is a superb compendium of folly, God's own *Bouvard et Pécuchet,* a dictionary of intellectual indolence and moral cowardice.

Although most of the sources are familiar, it is handy to have collected into a single book such gems as Lincoln Steffens' "I have been over into the future, and it works"; George Bernard Shaw's dictum that the only thing wrong with Soviet prisons was the difficulty of inducing the happy inmates to come out of them; Sir Julian Huxley's report that "one is told that Stalin himself sometimes came down to the Moscow goods sidings to help"; Arthur Ransome, the author of much-loved English children's books, saying of Lenin: "Walking home from the Kremlin, I tried to think of any other man of his caliber who had a similar joyous temperament . . . I think it must be because he is the first great leader who utterly discounts the value of his own personality. He is quite without personal ambition"; or Harold Laski on Vishinsky: "I may add that he has a personal representative in the office of the OGPU to safeguard the public interest there. . . . The public undoubtedly feels confidence in him; the stream of visitors to his office is evidence of that. . . . [I found him to be a man] whose passion was law reform. . . . He was doing what an ideal minister of justice would do if we had such a person in Great Britain"; or Rockwell Kent, after the USSR had seized eastern Poland: "everyone with a grain of common sense and human decency was glad. *Those* Jews . . . would be safe"; or, most typically, Stephen Spender: "I am a Communist because I am a liberal." And so on, and on, and on. We laugh that we may not weep.

WHAT LED to this prostration of mind before brutish might, this treason of the clerks, not excluding that of Julien Benda who coined the phrase? Mr. Caute has a shot at the answer but scores only an outer. I fancy this is due in part to his own personal history—formerly an extreme Marxist, now a respectable social democrat with a lingering soft spot for Trotsky. That may be, for example, why he attempts to equate the Stalin purges with the Hollywood Ten—not in so many words of course, but he leaves us with the impression that the two phenomena were in the same league. Mr. Caute is also,

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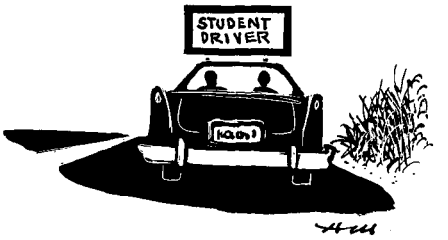
like so many of the fellow travelers themselves, a versatile man of letters—playwright, novelist, essayist. It is as if all these interests and commitments, past and present, prevented him from devoting the necessary concentration to his theme. The book is diffuse, unfocused. Yet it does provide us with enough material for a presentable thesis.

First, note the unbelievable, limitless *frivolity* of the fellow travelers. Here were supposed intellectuals espousing the ideology which supposedly rests upon the most elaborate intellectual foundations in political history. Yet the great majority of fellow travelers didn't bother to read Marx or Lenin; often they failed to grasp even the most elementary points of Communist doctrine. They were dabblers, intellectual *tourists*. Fellow traveling is a well-chosen metaphor. Workers and serious politicians either joined the Party or steered well clear of it. Fellow traveling was a pastime for middle-class intellectuals. The Revolution, they felt, was just the thing for primitive natives, but back in their own backyards they opted for the liberal heritage every time. They were out for kicks, not radical social change. Anatole France gives the game away: "If I am told that a revolution would bring suffering, I would nevertheless accept it although I hate suffering. . . . But, more than that, I hate mediocrity, sterility. To suffer is to live, to live intensely . . . if one wishes to see an era of justice established, one must be resigned to what may come to pass in its accomplishment—of injustice, of cruelties, and of blood. . . ."

Mr. Caute is right to end by bringing us up to date with the new crop of fellow travelers to Cuba and China. The scene changes, but the nature of the appeal is exactly the same—a nation bowled over by an idea backed with bayonets, a colossal laboratory masterminded by a philosopher-king, an engineer of souls, a great helmsman who is justly adored by all, despite his sincere distaste for the personality cult. This worship of the dictator is perhaps the most nauseating element in the mind of the fellow traveler, heightened as it is by a total contempt for the wishes, tastes, and interests of the workers. This contempt is not confined to such confessed totalitarians as Shaw. Over and over again, that callous note scratches our eardrums. Joan Robinson, formerly Professor of Economics at Cambridge University, scores a remarkable double bringing in both Russia and Red China: "It is true that there was a



tight period following the Great Leap Forward. The historical analogue of this is the Russian famine of 1921. . . . No doubt many elderly people died sooner than they would have done, but no one is able to find evidence of famine." *Died sooner than they would have done* . . . No, we must weep, not laugh. In the face of such complete suspension of all man's graces of intelligence and charity, can we find any comfort other than the doctrine of the Fall? □

Ferdinand Mount *is the chief editorial writer for the* London Daily Mail. . . . **Don Crinklaw** *teaches at the University of Missouri in St. Louis.* . . . **M. Stanton Evans** *is editor of the* Indianapolis News *and chairman of the American Conservative Union.*

FICTION

American Mischief
By Alan Lelchuck
Farrar, 501 pp., $8.95

Running in Place
By Winston J. Churchill
Braziller, 218 pp., $5.95

The Winner
By Borden Deal
Doubleday, 358 pp., $6.95

SEVENTIES MISCHIEF

DON CRINKLAW

The Sixties are gone, but the Fifties haven't quite returned. This is the nervous legacy of the past decade: We walk crouched over and weaving quickly from side to side, ready to dodge the next blow. Will it come? From where? Three novelists speculate on the questions; the various answers they give are, alas, as likely as any others.

Lelchuck's massive *American Mischief* made considerable noise even before it was published. Philip Roth praised it at length in last October's *Esquire*, and Norman Mailer—who appears as a character in the novel and is murdered by the revolutionary hero, who shoots him through the rear—has publicly threatened to pound the daylights out of author Lelchuck. Still, Mailer has the best of it: His guest appearance is one of the few high spots in this lurching, overlong, fitfully interesting book.

The twin stars of the novel are Lenny Pincus, a Brooklyn-born student incendiary, and his teacher, one Bernard Kovell. Kovell is dean of humanities at an imaginary college near Harvard, a half-hearted sympathizer with the radicals' cause, and a lecher of the most irritating sort: a successful one. Kovell narrates the first half of the book, and after announcing his liberal decency by "wishing that the war would stop and the capitalists would ease up on profits for the sake of human dignity," he turns to business: the six bright, brittle female victims of higher education, psychotherapy, and a man's world whom he calls his "family."

Kovell's lovemaking is drenched with Freud—or vice versa: After exploring each girl's psyche he tailors his bed technique toward inducing psychological "insight" as well as orgasm. That the girls only manage to trade one set of problems for another may reveal the limitations of Freudianism—or Kovellism—but it does define Kovell and the thousands he represents: kindly, liberal, male chauvinist pigs. The perfect foil, one would think, for a firebrand like Lenny Pincus.

But Pincus, who takes over the narration when Kovell finishes, comes across as a remarkable example of a big-city provincial derailed by eccentric reading habits. He commits murder and burns down libraries because, presumably, he's read Mailer, Nietzsche, and Dostoyevsky rather than somebody else. Perhaps this is the author's point, but Pincus remains insubstantial. We learn that he is partial to 14-year-old girls and wears a hearing aid (Won't listen? Or can't?) but details do not a character make. I think Lelchuck was aiming for an American counterpart to the great criminal-rebels of Russian

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and European literature; Pincus eludes him because he doesn't understand his anarchist much better than the rest of us do, and—this seems to be part of the problem—doesn't like him.

MESSY EMOTIONS don't mar Winston J. Churchill's *Running in Place*; they hardly appear at all. Churchill's success with John Kokonos, his Rhodes scholar hero, is a triumph of smaller ambitions, but Kokonos is scary in a way Lenny Pincus isn't. No bombs or oratory here; only bland ambitious Kokonos, who blends Fifties other-directedness and Sixties cynicism into a strange, turned-off sort of cool.

We meet Kokonos, who narrates his own story, on the boat carrying all 140 Rhodes scholars to England. The group that wanders in and out of the novel during the two years at Oxford is a curious elite: jocks, makeout artists, budding militarists. But they don't bother him, and he is likewise insensitive to the foreign ambiences he moves through. One fellow does jar him—a fellow scholar named Bornstein, hapless creature of the Sixties, who is driven berserk by the piggishness of the Americans—but Kokonos recovers. "You just forget about all the crap," he advises Bornstein. "Don't think about it. It works. Really."

This is a bright, bitter, beautifully made novel. The Rhodes Scholarships have gotten a bad press lately and Churchill—a Rhodes scholar himself—takes another swipe. The best and the brightest, as he sees them, are a gang of bloated nonentities, "smoking cigars, sipping Dom Perignon, and mouthing banalities."

THE WINNER is Borden Deal's attempt to drop a radical bomb in the midst of his own novelistic preserve: Southern politics. His politician, John Bookman, is fairly typical of the breed, at least in the beginning. Bookman is more interested in running for an office than administering it, and his speeches articulate only what he hopes will get him elected. But when he makes it to the governor's mansion a vision possesses him. He calls it The Great Venture, and issues an invitation "to all the citizens of my state who are living out of my state. We want you to come home. We need you."

Yes, he means blacks too, and The Great Venture is of particular interest to a black secret society committed to the dialectic: "Last thing we want is some white man making a gift to the race that might keep our people halfway satisfied." Soon the governor's audience includes a black man named Will Bailey, carrying a high-powered rifle in a guitar case.

The Winner is a smooth, exciting professional job, handled in Deal's special operatic style—larger-than-life characters, raw emotions, noisy confrontations. The rhetoric occasionally has a padded look, and Deal isn't very good with the female characters, but he knows his politicos and they carry most of the novel for him. The cross-plotting, as Bookman's and Bailey's paths begin to meet, generates quite a bit of nervous tension, and in the finale Deal reaches for—and gets—a scene with terrific emotional impact. □

Ranch on the Laramie
By Ted Olson
Little, Brown, 239 pp., $6.95

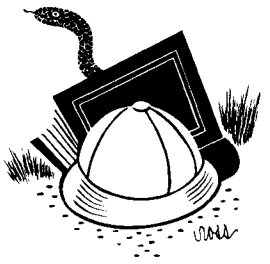
Myself When Young: Growing Up in the 1890's
By Arthur Krock
Little, Brown, 237 pp., $6.95

THE NEW NOSTALGIA

PATRICIA S. COYNE

The social hurricanes that buffeted us through the Sixties have abated now, and we seem to be entering a rare period of halcyon days, a time for reassessment and reminiscence. And this mood is reflected in the increasing number of memoirs by men who look back to their boyhoods lived during that last long period of national quiet that began sometime after the Civil War and ended when the full impact of the twentieth century hit us, just before we could get out of the way.

Ted Olson, ex-newsman and poet, takes issue with the fashionable urban intellectual view that frontier life was one of squalor and drudgery. Olson, the son of Norwegian immigrants, fleshes out this memoir of a boyhood on a Wyoming homestead with just the right sort of detail to convince us that it was, indeed, a splendid way of life. Putting the cows to pasture, milking, churning, bringing in the winter wood—all are described simply and precisely, the language often poetically evocative.



And yet—those memories seem just a bit too golden. Mr. Olson has written a tribute to his family, the members of which are seen through a warm haze of love and childhood innocence. But because he sees them in this way, his central thesis suffers. Mr. Olson wants us to believe—and I believe it—that the work and privation inherent in pioneer life were good for people and made them happy. But the people drawn by Mr. Olson would have been good and happy anywhere, doing anything or nothing. Mr. Olson's memory, I suspect, is just a bit romantically selective.

ARTHUR KROCK also tends to romanticize his boyhood, but his tendency manifests itself in a much more lethal way: He tries it through language. The style he chooses is neo-Late Victorian. Water from a rainbarrel becomes "nature's elixir for washing hair," to which "no pharmaceutical compound is comparable." A man who could drink "had the good fortune to possess hollow legs, as the saying goes," and the death of a "spirited lad . . . in the first flush of his maturity put an abrupt end to his bright prospect of becoming the toast of the town."

The problem here, I think, is that Krock, an avid reader as a boy, cannot quite separate the actual moods and feelings of his boyhood from the literary style of those years. The language is evocative to him, but unfortunately not to those of us this side of eighty.

Nevertheless, despite the coyly galumphing prose, Mr. Krock's memoir is worth the effort. His book, like Mr. Olson's, gives us at least a glimpse of what it was really like when our nation was just a bit more innocent.

We've come a long way since then, and of course we can't return. But as the increasing number of books like Mr. Olson's and Mr. Krock's indicate, there does seem to be a growing desire to re-examine those concepts—

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hard work, love of family, simplicity, and honesty—that once shaped the American character. And who knows? The day may even come when a professor of sociology at Harvard will announce to his classes that our parents and grandparents were very good people, their way of life an admirable one from which we could learn a great deal. □

Hazardous to Your Health
By Marvin H. Edwards
Arlington, 307 pp., $9.95
The Case for American Medicine
By Harry Schwartz
McKay, 240 pp., $6.95

THAT "CRISIS" IN HEALTH CARE

M. STANTON EVANS

The secret of winning a debate is to define the grounds on which it is conducted. Liberals in Washington have long been conscious of this simple precept, and as a result have been winning debates—and legislative roll calls—from time out of mind. Conservatives seem to have trouble grasping it, and in consequence find themselves repeatedly deliberating *which* distasteful remedy must be applied to "problems" invented for them by the opposition.

A textbook example of this procedure may be found in current discussion of the "health-care crisis"—in which Teddy Kennedy, big labor, and the liberal media have argued that private medical care is a shame and disgrace which should be corrected by some form of federal health scheme. The Nixon government, the American Medical Association, and a variety of Republican legislators have hopped obligingly into this rhetorical bear trap, saying, yes, there is a health-care crisis but *our* solutions are infinitely preferable to Senator Kennedy's. The major point at issue—the alleged defects of the private system and the need for federal action—is thus conceded at the outset, and further government intrusion all but assured.

That there is in fact no crisis in private medicine is argued persuasively by Marvin Edwards in *Hazardous to Your Health*. The youthful editor of *Private Practice* recounts the history of progress achieved by American medicine, compares our mostly private system to the government-dominated systems of Europe, and shows that major malfunctions of U.S. health care, such as they are, can be chiefly traced to government interference. In addition, he debunks the standard collectivist notions that the fruits of American medical advance have been denied the poor and downtrodden, that there is a shortage of physicians, and that medical prices are excessive.

Edwards observes that U.S. medicine has virtually abolished such once-dreaded and all-too-common diseases as polio, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and whooping cough. Because of these achievements and other private health-care gains, average life expectancies have increased dramatically—from 49 years in 1900 to more than 70 years today. Among the more impoverished members of our society, particularly Negroes, life expectancies are lower than those for the population at large—64.6 per cent for Negroes as opposed to 71.3 per cent for whites. But the gap has consistently narrowed and in the later years of life when medical care is increasingly the crucial factor there is virtually no difference at all. (At 65 the average white American male can expect another 13 years of life; the average black American male another 12.7 years.)

Respecting the much-lamented doctor shortage, Edwards shows there isn't any. The ratio of physicians to general population is better in the United States than in the major European countries and is continually improving—from one physician for every 712 Americans in 1960 to one for every 640 in 1969. Since 1965 the number of physicians has increased three times as fast as popula-

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: In time for the April 16 deadline comes *The April Game: Secrets of an Internal Revenue Agent* by "Diogenes" (Playboy Press, $7.95). . . . *Enemy at the Gates: The Battle for Stalingrad* is told in hour-by-hour detail by William Craig (Reader's Digest Press, $10.95). . . . *Mrs. Dizzy* is a life of Mary Anne Disraeli by Mollie Hardwick (St. Martin's, $7.95). . . . Versatile C. Northcote Parkinson turns to fiction with a sea yarn of the Napoleonic era, *Devil to Pay* (Houghton, $5.95). . . . Three from Viking: Constantine FitzGibbon's *A Concise History of Germany* is heavily illustrated ($12.95); Muriel Spark's new novel about Manhattan eccentrics is called *The Hothouse by the East River* ($5.95); and David Ben-Gurion recalls *My Talks with Arab Leaders* ($9.95).

■ PAPERBACKS: Even television is becoming an object of nostalgia. *The Television Years* by Arthur Shulman and Roger Youman looks back 25 years. Lots of pictures (Popular Library, $1.50). . . . No doubt you've been expecting *Jonathan Segal Chicken* by Sol Weinstein and Howard Albrecht (Pinnacle, $1.25, April).

■ MAY BOOKS: Jimmy Breslin's new novel, *World Without End, Amen*, is about a cop (Viking, $7.95). . . . Philip Nobile's *Intellectual Skywriting* is a searching, inside look at the doubledomes who preside over *The New York Review of Books* (Charterhouse, $6.95). . . . Jay Robert Nash's *Bloodletters and Badmen* will be out of date before pub date, it being an encyclopedia of crime in America (M. Evans, $16.95). . . . Colin Simpson's *The Lusitania* looks like an important chapter in revisionism (Little, Brown, $8.95).

Philip Roth's *The Great American Novel* is about a forlorn baseball team (Holt, $8.95). . . . *The FDR Memoirs* isn't what you think. It's "a speculation on history" written by Bernard Asbell, as he thinks FDR might have written it. Ray Moley calls it "a masterpiece of characterization" (Doubleday, $10). . . . Remember George Wheeler? Questions were asked about his Communist background in 1947 when he was head of the American Military Government's de-Nazification program. Instead of replying, he fled to Czechoslovakia. Now he's back, a professor at Washington State, and new leftist publisher Lawrence Hill is bringing out his *Human Face of Socialism* ($7.50).

■ BEST SELLERS: *Dr. Atkin's Diet Revolution* sold 40,000 copies one week in February; by the end of February, boasted 500,000 copies in print. Publisher has a standing order to print 50,000 new copies per week. But it'll need a rage of dieting to overtake *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, which just soared past 2,100,000 hardbound in print.

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tion growth, the number of auxiliary medical personnel almost four times as fast. There are problems of availability caused by the proliferation of government medical programs (28,000 MDs now in government service), but the fact remains that physicians and health-care facilities have been produced in impressive quantities.

THE POINT is underscored by Harry Schwartz of the *New York Times* in *The Case for American Medicine*. Like Edwards, Schwartz observes that the "crisis" argument is mostly myth, and that the American people have very properly been slow to answer the shouts of alarm sent up by Senator Kennedy and his ideological familiars. Schwartz points out that there are some 323,000 physicians in the United States and an army of four million health workers all told. In 1970 the nation had about 7,100 hospitals containing 1.6 million beds and these institutions employed more than 2.5 million people. And the numbers are constantly growing; in 1960 the corresponding figure was about 1.5 million employees.

Nor have these results been attained at the exorbitant price suggested by fans of government medicine. Edwards notes that medical costs have risen less than many other items in our inflationary economy, and that health-care prices under a largely private system are considerably lower than they would be with adoption of proposals for added government programs. In recent years Americans have had an annual health-care cost of $170 per capita; under the Kennedy plan, this cost would jump to $265. In 1970 Department of Labor statistics showed that medical costs had risen less than such items as meat, poultry, and fish, home ownership, transportation, etc.—despite the fact that the medical system had absorbed enormous wage increases reflected in hospital-room rates.

Most of the furor about medical prices is stirred up by culprits crying "thief." The general drift of medical costs is obviously part and parcel of the national inflation, created by the very liberals now troubling deaf heaven with their cries of excessive cost. The specific cost push on hospital rates—70 per cent of which are dictated by wages—is spurred by the very unions which bemoan the price of hospitalization. To these examples may be added the phenomena of Medicare and Medicaid, which have intensified the inflation-union problem and between them managed to stir up the closest thing to an authentic crisis in the existing health-care system.

Schwartz observes that the principal result of these two programs has been to generate an enormous artificial increase in monetary claims to medical treatment, above and beyond the normal though generous increase in supply. The result has been a further rise in the cost of medical services—which could have been predicted by anyone who had bothered beforehand to examine the economic relations involved. Medical facilities have been flooded by people suffering from minor ailments or hypochondria—which in turn has made things more difficult for those with really serious illnesses. By removing economic restraints on frivolous resort to medical care, the federal planners have intensified the very problem which "national health insurance" purports to cure.

On the showing of these authors, the need of the hour in American medicine is not to mandate further government intrusion, but to move as rapidly as possible back toward authentic market arrangements. Legislators weighing "national health insurance" should study these two volumes and learn from them to redefine the terms of the debate. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ADVERTISING MAN, *by Jack Dillon (Harper 316 pp., $6.95)*. This novel has twelve perfect pages which describe a funny, painful, devastating suburban dinner party that turns into a nightmare. The rest of the book, within the limits Dillon has set for himself, is almost as good. He takes all the clichés—Madison Avenue, suburban marriage rites, cocktail-party angst, the loneliness of the long-distance commuter—and makes them believable. It works because Dillon is a master of the kind of dialogue associated with the school Edmund Wilson used to refer to as The Boys in the Back Room. Understatement. Wisecracks. An undertone of bitterness, but with a tough-guys-don't-cry avoidance of the maudlin. There are touches of O'Hara, a smidgin of Hemingway, and a bit of James M. Cain, but Dillon has it all under control. Jim Bower, the central character, has only one thing going for him: He is a great copywriter. In that sense, at least, he resembles those Hemingway characters who find a kind of salvation in doing ordinary things well. I think Bower, Julian English, and Jake Barnes would enjoy having a few drinks together.

W. GAVIN

TWICE THROUGH THE LINES, *by Otto John (Harper, 340 pp., $8.95)*. It is not very easy to believe Otto John. The former head of the Internal Security Office in the Adenauer government claims that he did not defect to East Germany in 1954 but was drugged and kidnaped. He asserts that he cooperated with his Soviet and East German captors not out of conviction but because he was hoping to lull their vigilance against a later escape attempt. He states that he came "home" in 1955 after making a James Bond-type escape from some benumbed security guards. And he is certain that the West German court which convicted him of treason made a political prejudgment of his case because he had earlier fought against Nazis in the Adenauer administration. In spite of John's adroit explanation of all his adventures we shall probably never know the facts of his defection, his cooperation with the East Germans, and his subsequent "defection" (as Dr. Adenauer described it) back to the Federal Republic. We can be reasonably sure that his faith in Stalin's good will toward Germany was misplaced. We can be almost as sure that he is wrong in thinking that the Mayflower is a leading New York hotel. It may even be correct to assume that his case is one more for the psychiatrists than for the courts or politicians. Reinhard Gehlen is probably near the mark when he says that John has suffered a hideous personal tragedy, that he has served his time, and that there the matter should rest. John would be more worthy of understanding had he let the matter rest. Trevor-Roper describes this work as John's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. It is unconvincing.

W. D. JACOBS

THE RIGHT PLACES *(for the Right People), by Stephen Birmingham (Little, Brown, 275 pp., $8.95)*. Now that "everybody" has money—that is, can afford, on time payments, swimming pools, cruises, jets to Europe—the old "right places" don't much matter anymore. The new "right places," says Birmingham, are "the lovely deltas and oases, mental and otherwise, where the good life is flourishing at full strength." They are open to just about anybody with the price of admission; there are no more "nobodies" from "nowhere." Birmingham takes us on a tour of some of the high spots: Kansas City; Fort Lauderdale; Fairfield County, Connecticut (where Bette Davis, who lives in Westport, would *never* be asked to a party in Southport; and where things are Changing); P. J. Clarke's; and the new, boutiqueified Bergdorf's in New York City. One amusing chapter deals with the grubby entertaining style of the rich; there is a pleasant, sympathetic sketch of Ambassador Walter Annenberg, and an account of how desperate once-exclusive clubs, country and town, are to recruit members. All in all: a mildly interesting book. Mistah Gatsby, he dead.

C. H. SIMONDS

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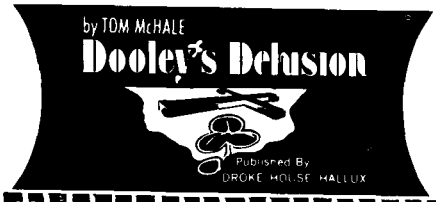

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 396)

essay points out, focusing our total concern on them distracts us from other, more basic, forces at work.

Catawissa, Pa. TERRY G. MENSCH

MacArthur and Asia

Arnold Beichman's otherwise sound review [Feb. 16] of W. W. Rostow's excellent book is unjust to MacArthur. He was relieved because he wanted to bomb beyond the Yalu.

His *Reminiscences* (p. 446) showed he had no fear of "open-ended Asian commitments." His reliance on an insular forward deployment preceded a substantial Russian or Chinese nuclear capability, which today precludes abandonment of a continental beachhead—the thesis of my book, *Curtains over Vietnam.*

You might go on further in that book to Chapter VI and see what I wrote five years ago about how we loused up Laos by failure to "interdict infiltration on the ground."

New York, N.Y. CHARLES A. WEIL

Opaque Justice

One trembles at one's temerity in suggesting it, but might the opacity to which the Chief Justice refers ["Church-State, a Breakthrough," by Edward F. Spiers, Dec. 22] lie in the minds' eyes of beholders rather than in the "language of the Religion Clauses of the First Amendment"?

Using any available dictionary as authority, it ought to have been nearly impossible all these years to so distort the meaning of the word "respecting" that it connotes the action of "effecting" or "bringing to pass." The closest synonym for the word in the context of the First Amendment would appear to be "concerning." If the Congress was to be proscribed from enacting legislation "concerning" the establishment of religion, one would logically suppose the proscription to extend to legislation on either side of the question, for or against.

In historical context we find that this was quite literally the case. When the First Amendment was under consideration, three of the 13 participating states had established churches, not one of which was then feeble enough to allow itself to be hustled out of existence. In other words, the establishment of religion, like so many other prerogatives, was supposed to be placed by this amendment outside the purview of the Federal Government.

It is perhaps symptomatic of our mid-twentieth-century eagerness for "self-fulfillment" that rather than re-amend the Constitution to make it mean what we now discover we want it to mean, we should do violence to our own understanding of our history and our language.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. CARVER COLLINS

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CATON

(Continued from page 419)

from Britain and the U.S. and toward Asian nations. Domestically, civic identification would shift from regional life and government toward centralization.

I have already expressed doubt that domestic politics will alter significantly in the coming years. For the foreign policy to succeed, it is necessary only that the Foreign Service think in regional terms, since industrialists and academics already do. Even if Japanese and Indonesian are taught in the secondary schools, as projected by current planning, the average Australian will continue to think of himself in terms of his own language, institutions, and immediate life.

Perhaps the greatest test of Whitlam's outstanding political skill will be whether he can rule his own party, historically a factious group. The situation is exacerbated by rivalries. Powerful trade-union voices pointedly interpret the Prime Minister's role as executor of decisions reached at party conventions. In what was evidently a shaft aimed at Whitlam, the Victoria state party convention, with the connivance of a cabinet minister, demanded the recall of all troops from Singapore shortly after the announcement of the decision to maintain logistic troops there. The embargo on American shipping and strongly worded statements by senior cabinet ministers were as much political maneuvers within the party as expressions of anti-Vietnam War sentiment.

The party strife over the American alliance as well as Mr. Whitlam's foreign-policy initiatives can be expected to change its complexion owing to the Sino-American agreement. Australia must now be much more circumspect about loosening ties with the U.S., and Whitlam's major talking point with his neighbors appears to have been snatched from his hands. No one will be stirred by plans to remove great power rivalry from the area when the preponderant new fact is a great-power agreement.

Since Australians don't go in for political enthusiasm, it is not easy to sense their views on the new government. Newspaper editorials are courteous but reserved, praising here, criticizing there. One rough index is the recent by-elections on Liberal turf for three seats in a state parliament, where the Labor candidates ran as Whitlam men. They lost. □

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The Ellsberg Witnesses

On The Right

New York, March 28—The lofty gentlemen who have lately appeared in Los Angeles to testify for the defendant Daniel Ellsberg are above all witnesses to the ambiguous legal nature of the Vietnam war. McGeorge Bundy, formerly a historian at Harvard, gave it as his opinion that the enemy could not have got useful information from the volumes released by Ellsberg. Mr. Schlesinger said much the same thing, and volunteered some obiter dicta to the press, on the usual theme.

Professor Schlesinger is principal keeper of the line that John F. Kennedy would never have made a commitment in Vietnam such as LBJ did, a line that is trading sluggishly, mostly under the counter. Asked whether there was anything to the rumor that he, Schlesinger, had penned the famous phrase in Kennedy's Inaugural Address: "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, in order to assure the survival and the success of liberty," Arthur just grinned sheepishly, and said that it didn't matter how many state secrets Dan Ellsberg let out, Schlesinger wasn't going to betray any.

THAT LAST is fantasy, of course, but so is the whole exercise. It amounts, really, to court theater, in this case a theatrical arrangement of the events of the decade of the 1960s in such a way as to render not only the act of Ellsberg irreproachable but in some way harmonious with the crying need of the day—the spread of information about a war we were fighting which the nation's intellectuals almost to a man didn't want to fight.

That, surely, is the reason why the third witness, Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, with such evident relish put his finger on passages of secret diplomatic communications that suggested that some South Vietnamese leaders were squirreling away some cash in Switzerland or wherever, and that that datum must be kept from the American taxpayer, who would be seized with rage if he knew it. The point of the matter, Mr. Galbraith concluded, is that ours is a tolerably open society, and we have a way of discussing things with some openness, and it would not have made any sense at all to attempt to keep such information away from the people.

It is all extremely plausible. Yet on the same day that Mr. Galbraith testified, General Maxwell Taylor was being interviewed on television by Mr. Bill Moyers. Taylor was Kennedy's principal military adviser and later ambassador to Saigon. He had been chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Moyers asked him whether a noose was drawing around the neck of American press liberties, and General Taylor, an irrepressibly buoyant and attractive man, said, well, no, he didn't think so, and of course the subject of the Pentagon Papers came up. What should have been done to put the whole business into proper focus? Quite simple, said the General. Military censorship should have been imposed.

"I cannot imagine," said the General, smiling, but the muscles drawn, "a press conference discussing where I was going to paratroop my division into Normandy." In war, all facts are paramilitary, including—and by no means stretching the point—information concerning whether war leaders are squirreling their money out of the country.

The press, in the Ellsberg case, seems to want it both ways. On the one hand what was revealed was insignificant to the enemy. On the other hand it was significant enough to the reading public to transcend the cobwebs the Justice Department invoked to argue that the papers should lie uninterrupted, for just a little while more.

IT IS difficult intellectually to make the separation clean: that which is relevant to the United States is not useful to Hanoi. Here, for instance is a headline. A headline that was given very great prominence, spread right across the page in the *New York Times* on June 18, 1971, after the Pentagon Papers were released: "HANOI AND VIETCONG AT PARIS TALKS CITE TIMES SERIES AS PROOF U.S. IS AGGRESSOR."

Whether Ellsberg gets off or not is at this point of merely personal and reticulative interest. But we have learned, as General Taylor suggests, how not to fight a war. □

TAIWAN BLUES *New York*, March 30—The news that Mr. David Bruce is going to Peking has been treated with great elation by the internationalist lobby. There is to begin with something wonderfully reassuring about Mr. Bruce, a debonair and competent diplomat of the old school, associated with the brighter days of a lost competence. But principally, of course, the elation was the result of this giant step toward formal diplomatic reconciliation between Red China and the United States. Six weeks ago Senator Henry Jackson came right out for diplomatic recognition. I do not believe, at this stage of the game, that it would shock American sensibilities if it were suggested that our diplomats and the Red Chinese have group sex together.

Granted, the price—Taiwan—is not mentioned very often by spokesmen for the Nixon Administration, who are anxious to ignore, for so long as they can, the Taiwan Problem. The American Left, by contrast, would love nothing better than a forthright betrayal of Chiang Kai-shek, which they would justify on grand moral grounds centered on the persecution of three students and one associate professor last June in Taipei. I do not think there would be any objections from the left one-half of the United States Senate if tomorrow the President announced that our defense treaty with Taiwan would lapse in twelve months, and if we proceeded to full recognition of Red China.

Mr. Nixon, on the other hand, is not anxious to betray Taiwan, and inevitably one assumes that the signals have been carefully checked out in Peking. It was only a few weeks ago that Chou En-lai, at one of those receptions at the Great Hall of the People, smiled and repeated that "only" Taiwan remained as an obstacle to formal diplomatic reconciliation. In introducing Mr.

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Bruce, Nixon referred to him as "Ambassador Bruce," but smiled and said that he did so only out of habit—Mr. Bruce has been ambassador to everywhere—that he would be in fact "chief of mission" in Peking.

Now this quite clearly suits the Chinese for the moment. Perhaps they believe it is as far as Nixon will go at the current moment. Perhaps they feel that there is something to be said for the defense treaty between the United States and Taiwan. Bear it in mind that although they had every opportunity to do so, the Red Chinese diplomats in the United Nations have not raised the point that the United States, in keeping military personnel in Formosa, is guilty of aggression. That is the logical conclusion, after all, to be drawn from the Shanghai Communiqué of February 1972, wherein all sides agreed that Taiwan is a province of China.

Could it be that the Chinese have not pushed Mr. Nixon for a repudiation of the treaty because it suits their purposes of the moment for the treaty to continue in force?

CONSIDER the alternative. If the treaty were to lapse tomorrow, the day after tomorrow the Chinese Mainland would be forced into a massive irredentist effort against Taiwan. But Taiwan is not defenseless, and what would result is a war of sorts, with ambiguous results unless China chose to stop everything and mount an enormous amphibious operation. It is quite probable that not desiring to be forced to do any such thing, China prefers the cover of a treaty, which is a part of the historical landscape, and which blends more and more harmoniously into the glorious Red Chinese sunset, as the United States perseveres with its fawning attentions on Mainland China.

It is high diplomacy we are seeing here, and Mr. Nixon is well aware of it. One can only consider with horror the results of a President McGovern, ripping up the treaty, and setting into motion a collision undesired, for the time being, even by the Chinese Communists.

Meanwhile Senator Jackson, the bastion of Democratic fortitude in the international arena, appears simply to have crumbled on the point of principle. He is asked on *Face the Nation* whether we should break off diplomatic relations with Taiwan. His answer is Vintage Evasion. "Well, there will not be two Chinas. I think that talk is past us now. We can still provide for our treaty commitments, hoping that there will be a long period of negotiation between Taipei and Peking to work out an eventual solution of that problem, but I don't see anything inconsistent in doing what I've suggested here. It's in our own national interest [to recognize Mainland China], all of our main partners have now recognized Peking. . . ."

And so Taiwan endures primarily as an accidental beneficiary of complicated diplomatic developments. She has only one altogether reliable escape valve: which is to declare the island of Taiwan an independent state. □

ENERGY TALK

New York, April 2—Apropos the Energy Crisis, a few observations:

1. It is unquestionably true that the intercession of government has helped produce the current crisis, however you define it.

Consider, first, the role of the ecological lobby. It is altogether natural that the government should be the instrument through which the people should assert themselves on the question of clean air and water. But the means of approaching that which is desired are various, and by simply forbidding the use of fuels whose contaminative level exceeds *x*, the government has imposed arbitrary standards that wrenched the industry and convulsed the suppliers.

2. President Nixon has now announced that he will look afresh at the traditional limits on oil and gas imports. As usual, the government comes around to surveying the damage done by its own impositions over the years. We are, incredibly, importing gas—at a price far in excess of what we are permitted to sell it for domestically. Professor M. A. Adelman of MIT, who is the nation's foremost skeptic on the matter of the energy crisis—he believes it is largely fancied—admits that the venture in price control of gas has had the usual disastrous results. "The gas shortage," he writes, "could be abolished by the simple expedient of abandoning price ceilings."

3. There is no question that we have delivered ourselves into the hands of a cartel, the so-called OPEC group (Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries). Professor Adelman, writing in *Foreign Policy*, makes the case that the multinational oil companies have played straight into the hands of the OPEC cartel, and in this they have been aided by—the U.S. Government.

If we look at existing oil reserves, says Professor Adelman, there is little cause for objective concern. He calculates that if one projects the current rate of consumption, and if one assumes zero discoveries in the Persian Gulf area during the next fifteen years, we are nevertheless left with an abundance of oil available from the OPEC nations. "Depletion of reserves at the Persian Gulf is only about 1.5 per cent a year." By 1985, the reserves still left over in the Persian Gulf area would not be significantly less than those available now, if you grant normal success in the expansion of reserves.

But note carefully, says the Professor, that "it is uneconomic to turn over an inventory so slowly," i.e., at the rate of 1.5 per cent per year. This is the economic key to the situation. The profit to the Persian Gulf states is so enormous—ten to twenty times the economic cost of selling oil—that one has a measure of the attractiveness of oil and gas exploration in countries that are not bound by the OPEC practices.

It is this cartel, says the Professor, which has locked the consuming countries into frustration. The oil-producing states use the multinational oil companies as, in effect, tax collectors. And these, because they are simultaneously involved in producing within the countries, and then marketing outside the countries, are not free to exert the kind of pressures that traditionally break up cartels. If the major multinational oil companies were eased out of their roles as producers, then they would be free to jockey for advantages to their principal clients, the consuming states.

4. All of this having been said, there is a national security element here which grants the government a distinctive role. The cost in money paid to the Persian Gulf states is prospectively dislocative. Moreover, even if Mr. Adelman is correct, there is right now an energy crisis as palpable as the unresponsive meter in the big cities that suffer from brownouts.

DURING THE Second World War, faced with the interdiction of our rubber supplies, the government developed a synthetic rubber, and the private companies then produced it, competing with each other. The next great breakthrough, before the efficient use of atomic energy, is probably in the direction of the liquefaction of coal. This, it is thought, will require a capital investment outside the reach of the oil or coal companies. They talk of $20 to $30 billion—about what it required to reach the moon. Other reforms should be made quickly, easing the government out of the way of private initiative. But the government must stand by to meet the needs of the national security. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. He has made things hot in Chile — 18 218 224 94 81 128 100

B. What ungallant girls are — 46 40 52 134 77 138 180 200 93 163

C. The kind of campaign Walker put on when he ran for governor of Illinois — 175 3 212 24 53 76 50 84 109 115

D. Graciousness — 189 127 23 86 56 114 133 150 199 165

E. To put in prison — 226 8 192 64 118 185 198 204 210 1 221

F. The substitution of a new legal obligation for an old one — 68 45 83 156 108 37 135 151

G. What Lady Godiva was when she rode horseback bareback — 79 92 107 113 42 110 190 228 131 217

H. A tedious sameness or reiteration — 145 153 167 205 191 216 139 232

I. A pronoun — 5 11 20 26 34 51

J. A demagogue — 157 62 87 106 119 129 44 55 207 35 61 143

K. A metallic vessel for boiling liquids — 122 144 85 168 17 179

L. The first priority of the government — 130 15 4 38 43 73 88 97 171 178 184 188 194

M. One skilled in magic — 182 7 65 176 201 149

N. One that defends or maintains a cause or proposal — 193 67 158 146 48 230 116 9

O. Unscramble MICE IN MEN — 10 6 60 80 95 13 19 32 66

P. Required — 211 117 159 12 222 206

Q. Deviation from the common rule — 214 181 69 227 172 160 225

R. A vehicle that doesn't pollute — 223 120 96 219 213 21 209

S. Directly apprehended — 16 121 70 41 22 173 132 101 202

T. Gone from the city — 33 49 14 161 136 229 71 27 215

U. A plant-eating orthopterous insect — 125 31 75 90 105 186 126 203 36 89 169

V. The kind of memory an elephant is said to have — 142 28 137 102 72 177 123 147 174

W. The feeling aspect of consciousness — 154 140 220 30 58 231 166 98 124

X. A pleasant place to live; change one letter to get an unpleasant place — 197 91 103 152 112 59 162 47 148

Y. A knot that is easily unfastened — 25 141 164 99 183 170 111 208 195

Z. What a children's crusade might be called — 74 2 39 54 78 155 196 29 57 63 82 187 104

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 432 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 E	2 Z		3 C	4 L	5 I	6 O	7 M	8 E	9 N		10 O	11 I		12 P	13 O	14 T	15 L	16 S	17 K
	18 A	19 O	20 I		21 R	22 S	23 D	24 C		25 Y	26 I	27 T	28 V	29 Z	30 W	31 U		32 O	33 T
34 I	35 J	36 U	37 F	38 L	39 Z	40 B	41 S	42 G		43 L	44 J		45 F	46 B	47 X	48 N	49 T	50 C	51 I
	52 B	53 C		54 Z	55 J		56 D	57 Z	58 W	59 X	60 O	61 J		62 J	63 Z	64 E	65 M	66 O	67 N
	68 F	69 Q	70 S		71 T	72 V	73 L	74 Z		75 U	76 C		77 B	78 Z	79 G		80 O	81 A	82 Z
83 F	84 C	85 K	86 D	87 J	88 L	89 U		90 U	91 X	92 G	93 B	94 A	95 O	96 R	97 L		98 W	99 Y	
100A	101S	102V	103X	104Z	105U		106J	107G	108F		109C	110G		111Y	112X	113G		114D	115C
116N	117P	118E	119J	120R	121S	122K	123V	124W	125U		126U	127D		128A	129J	130L	131G	132S	133D
134B		135F	136T	137V	138B	139H		140W	141Y	142V		143J	144K	145H	146N	147V	148X	149M	
150D	151F	152X	153H		154W		155Z	156F	157J	158N	159P	160Q	161T	162X	163B	164Y	165D		166W
167H	168K	169U	170Y	171L	172Q	173S	174V		175C	176M	177V	178L	179K	180B	181Q		182M	183Y	184L
185E	186U		187Z	188L		189D	190G	191H		192E	193N	194L		195Y	196Z	197X	198E		199D
200B		201M	202S	203U	204E	205H	206P	207J	208Y	209R		210E	211P	212C		213R	214Q	215T	
216H	217G	218A	219R		220W	221E	222P	223R	224A	225Q		226E	227Q	228G	229T	230N	231W	232H	

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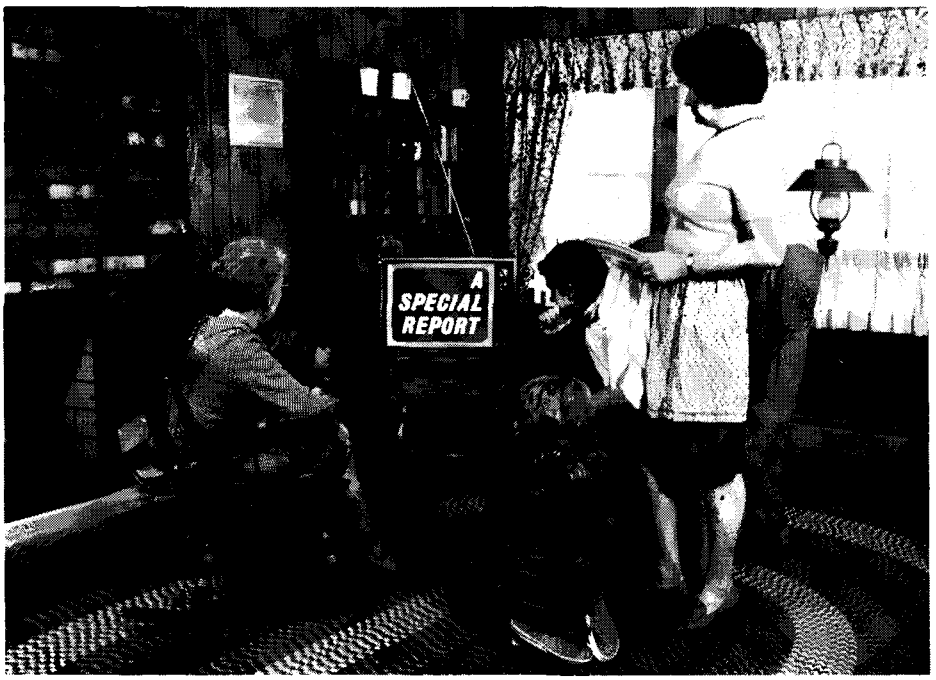
Expect the unexpected.



Dealing with the unexpected is a way of life for television broadcasters.

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Think of these recent moments: The deaths of two Presidents. The Kissinger report on peace negotiations. President Nixon's cease-fire announcement. Terror in New Orleans and the Sudan. Tragedy over Sinai. The tense and joy-filled hours of the POW release.

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As you enjoy these scheduled specials for April and May, forgive us if we interrupt with the unexpected.

We know you won't forgive us if we don't.

A War of Children. Effects of war in Belfast on the children. Tuesday, April 3 (9:30-11 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Alexander (story of children coping with tragedy); Follow the North Star. Wednesdays, April 4; May 2 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree. Animated version of A.A. Milne tale. Wednesday, April 4 (8-8:30 pm).

The Smile of the Walrus. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Thursday, April 5 (8-9 pm).

What Are Taxes All About? A special for young viewers. Saturday, April 7 (1-1:30 pm).

The Wizard of Oz. Perennial favorite starring Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Jack Haley, Bert Lahr. Sunday, April 8 (6:30-8:30 pm).

America. The Arsenal; The First Impact; The More Abundant Life. Tuesdays, April 10, 24; May 8 (10-11 pm).

The Small Miracle. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Paul Gallico story of a boy's faith; with Vittorio De Sica, Raf Vallone. Wednesday, April 11 (8:30-10 pm).

The Haunted West. National Geographic Society study. Thursday, April 12 (8-9 pm).

Directions. History of Judaism in Western World; Easter Mass from St. Patrick's. Sundays, April 15, 22 (1-2 pm).

I Love Tchaikovsky! New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert—Michael Tilson Thomas conducts excerpts from "Nutcracker," 'Scherzo Burlesque" and Symphony #2. Sunday, April 15 (5-6 pm).

Upon This Rock. Tour of St. Peter's Basilica with Ralph Richardson, Edith Evans, Orson Welles, Dirk Bogarde. Tuesday, April 17 (10-11 pm).

Shenyang Acrobatic Troupe of the People's Republic of China. Acrobatic and conjuring acts. Wednesday, April 18 (8:30-10 pm).

Up With People. Tribute to worldwide understanding sung by youth chorus. Thursday, April 19 (10-11 pm).

Dr. Seuss. Horton Hears A Who. Friday, April 20 (8-8:30 pm).

Portrait: A Man Whose Name Was John. Based on an incident in the life of Pope John XXIII. Raymond Burr stars. Sunday, April 22 (8-9 pm).

The Adventures of Don Quixote. Rex Harrison in dramatization of Cervantes novel. Monday, April 23 (9-11 pm).

The Cricket in Times Square. Animated adventures of a cricket. Tuesday, April 24 (8-8:30 pm).

The Man Without A Country. Cliff Robertson in the title role of the classic novel. Tuesday, April 24 (8:30-10 pm).

The Lie. Original Ingmar Bergman drama probing false values of suburban couple. Starring Robert Culp, George Segal, Shirley Knight. Tuesday, April 24 (9:30-11 pm).

The Forbidden Desert of the Danakil. Expedition into the northeastern Ethiopian desert. Wednesday, April 25 (8-9 pm).

The Going Up of David Lev. Drama of young Israeli's attempts to ease his mother's grief. Starring Claire Bloom, Topol, Melvyn Douglas. Wednesday, April 25 (8:30-10 pm).

Five Presidents on the Presidency. Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon comment on the Presidency. Thursday, April 26 (9-10 pm).

Strange and Terrible Times. The American Experience—Re-creations of three precarious periods in U.S. history. Friday, April 27 (9-10 pm).

The Building Innovators. Pros and cons of industrialized housing. Saturday, April 28 (10-11 pm).

It Takes A Lot of Love. Relationships of people with their pets. Thursday, May 3 (8-8:30 pm).

Weird Harold. Cartoon based on character created by Bill Cosby. Friday, May 4 (8:30-9 pm).

The Strauss Family. The lives and music of the musical family. Saturdays, May 5 (8:30-10 pm); May 12, 19, 26 (9-10 pm) (through June 16).

Women of the Year, 1973. *Ladies' Home Journal* honors outstanding American women. Monday, May 14 (10-11 pm).

NBC Religious Specials. Dr. Einstein Before Lunch; Legacy. Sundays, May 20, 27 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Emmy Awards. Television Academy's 25th annual event. Sunday, May 20 (10-concl).

Emmy News and Documentary Award Ceremonies. Television Academy journalism honors. Tuesday, May 22 (9:30-11 pm).

The Energy Crisis. ABC News Inquiry—Reasons why our country faces energy shortages. Thursday, May 31 (10-11 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company.

Tuesday: NBC Reports/First Tuesday (monthly).

Wednesday: ABC Afterschool Special (1st Wed. of each month).

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication Rock/ABC Saturday Superstar Movie/Sealab 2020/Kid Power/Around the World in 80 Days/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/Talking With a Giant/CBS Children's Film Festival/Zoom.

Sunday: In the News/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Multiplication Rock/Curiosity Shop/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues And Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult station listings for noteworthy local programs.

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